

SOCIAL SINNERS

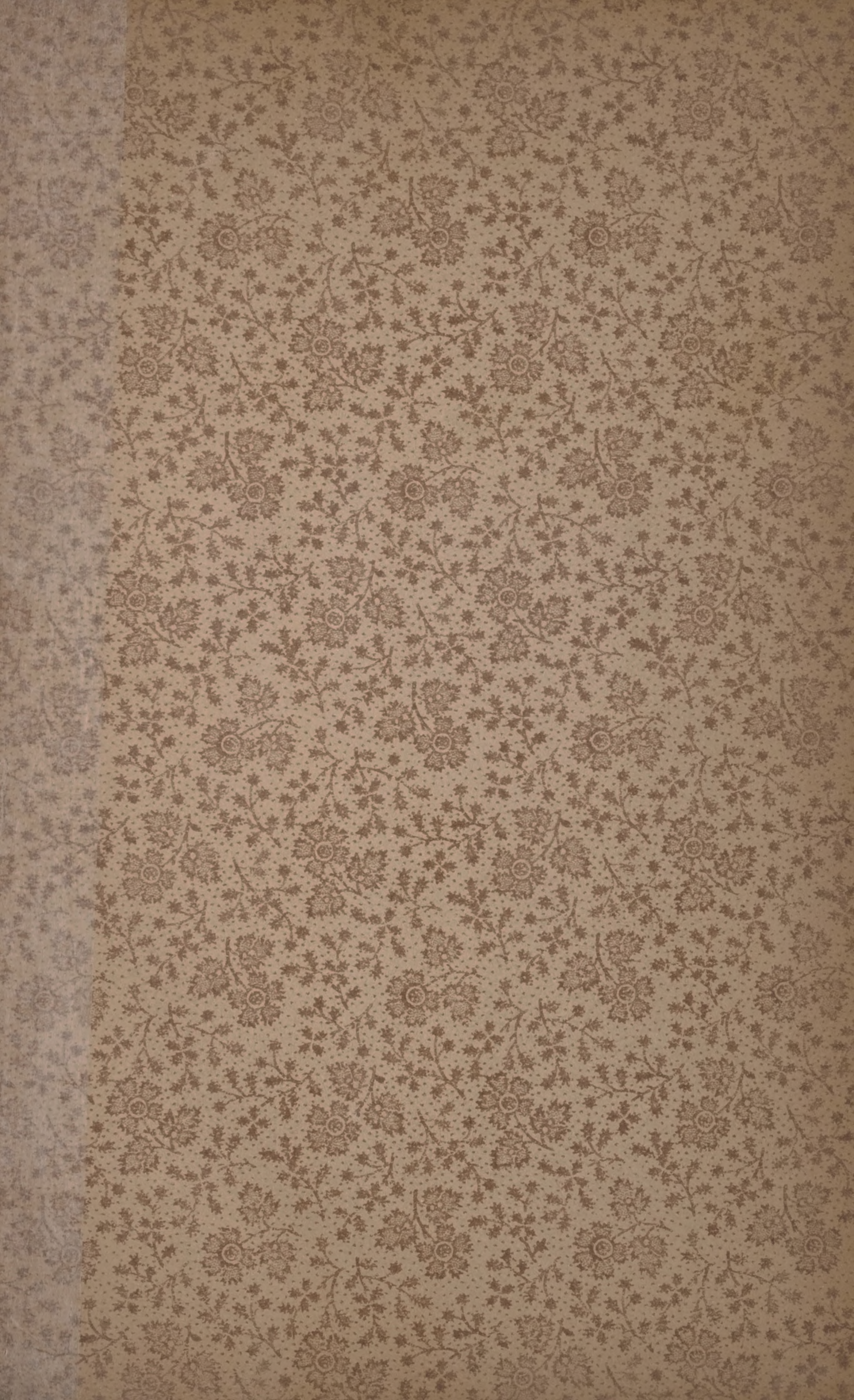
EMILE A. PALIER

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PZ3. Copyright No. _____

Shelf P1765S

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



SOCIAL SINNERS

BY
EMILE A. PALIER

THE
Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



PZ3
.P1765S

Library of Congress
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
AUG 4 1900
Copyright entry
<i>Aug. 3, 1900</i>
No. <i>Q. 19279</i>
SECOND COPY.
Delivered to
ORDER DIVISION,
SEP 10 1900

Copyright 1900
by
EMILE A. PALIER
in
the
United States
and
Great Britain

All Rights Reserved

74450



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. An Unheroic Hero	I
II. Barbara	9
III. In New York	19
IV. The Struggle Follows	23
V. Karl's Visit	27
VI. Curtis Meets Barbara	31
VII. The Rake's Progress	35
VIII. "Will You Marry Me?"	39
IX. The Two Friends	42
X. Miss Silverton	47
XI. Karl's Second Attempt	50
XII. The Marriage	57
XIII. Barbara's Reflections	63
XIV. The River	70
XV. The Interview	76
XVI. "In Gay Paree"	79
XVII. Miss Clayton	85
XVIII. Reception at the Remingtons	89
XIX. Some Odd Characters	94
XX. Eugene St. Denis	106
XXI. Eugene and May	109
XXII. The Moth and the Candle	114
XXIII. A Last Opportunity	120
XXIV. The Letter	127
XXV. The Answer	131
XXVI. A Candidate	137
XXVII. Defeated	146
XXVIII. Reunions	150

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIX. Curtis's New Love.....	154
XXX. Eugene's Departure.....	162
XXXI. The Cold Shoulder.....	165
XXXII. Death of Mrs. Curtis	172
XXXIII. Mr. Thomas Buck	179
XXXIV. Eugene's Story	187
XXXV. The Sick Man	195
XXXVI. At the Opera	197
XXXVII. Engaged	203
XXXVIII. Barbara's Discovery	207
XXXIX. The Revelation	211
XL. May and Eugene	216
XLI. Another Tragedy	221
XLII. Aftermath	226

SOCIAL SINNERS

CHAPTER I

AN UNHEROIC HERO

"WHO is it?" asked a strong voice proceeding from a room adjoining the parlor in which an elderly woman was busying herself dusting.

"It is me—Mrs. McDonald," answered the woman.

"What time is it, Mrs. McDonald?" again asked the voice.

"Half past ten," the woman briefly replied.

"Oh, so late, and I have an appointment for eleven down town," muttered the voice angrily. The speaker was about to give vent to a few oaths, but remembering that there was a "lady" in the house the utterances became indistinct, although any one hearing them could easily understand that they were not of a complimentary nature.

After much coughing and expectorating, as is frequently the case on getting up with some gentlemen,

especially with those who smoke a great deal and also occasionally indulge in drinks that are stronger than water, the young man—for it was a young man—arose and proceeded to attire himself, not without first—such is the force of habit—making several maneuvers with his upper and lower extremities to assure himself of the integrity of his muscles.

Frederick Curtis was the young man's name. He had just reached his twenty-fourth birthday and had graduated a few weeks previously from a New York law school, having before obtained his A. B. from Princeton.

He was tall, of fine, athletic build, with light hair and mustaches, clear, quick, blue eyes, rather fleshy lips and nose, and had a full face, expressing determination and brute force. In college he was an all around athlete, very popular with his fellow students, and also with the professors, as he was by no means dull in his studies. An uncle of his,—he was a scion of a good family—was a trustee of the college that he attended, and as blood is thicker than water, at the distribution of the prizes young Curtis was not forgotten, though some malcontents claimed (but what will not malevolent spirits say?) that the prize should have properly been awarded to some one else who was more deserving, but had less “pull.”

Everything and everybody then seemed to smile on Fred Curtis, as he was called by his friends. What between the admiration of his fellow students and the applause of admiring crowds at the exhibition of his physical prowess at intercollegiate contests, he nat-

urally, on the threshold of his life, already considered himself an important factor in public life, destined to play most important rôles in the history of his country. All he had to do was to transfer the arena of his activity from the base-ball field to the ward, and as by his training he was accustomed to tussles and to bitter contentions for supremacy, there would be only a change of scene. Being fully aware of his future prospects, he determined to make his mark in the world, and that no obstacle should hinder him.

It goes without saying that such a man will find many admirers among certain women in every country, and especially in a country where manly beauty is an ideal, where a woman's first question about a man is, "Is he tall?" Curtis sought to render himself master of the feminine heart, not so much from mischief, but to add to his laurels glorious conquests among the fairer sex. He would go out sometimes of an evening with some of his friends for a flirtation, and they would approach every young woman who they thought smiled on them. Curtis was the leader in this as in other games.

Once, on the occasion of some college festival, Curtis at the head of a party of gay college students invaded the "Tenderloin" district in New York, visiting many questionable resorts, with their college cry and songs, drinking some wine in each house, pouring the rest in the pianos and retiring amid a general riot without paying.

But these are pieces of devilry which only evoke a smile on the lips even of parents themselves when they

hear of it, and dismiss it with the remark: "Let the boys amuse themselves; they are so full of life."

At the end of his college days, however, Curtis met with an adventure which, began as a pleasantry, turned into a serious affair, which already caused him, to say the least, great annoyance, and was fated to affect his future destiny. This affair was the cause of his anger that morning when we saw him get up in ill-humor. He had come home rather late the previous night, which was a gala night at his athletic club, of which he was an important member, and as his studies had been just finished, he naturally wished to take it easy for some time, "if it were not on account of that infernal piece of stupidity," as he called it.

After partaking of a light breakfast and attiring himself in a light suit of clothes, with tan-colored shoes, and a soft white hat, for it was a bright June morning in the year of our Lord 18—, and Curtis, though not a dude, yet dressed well, he sauntered out from his private boarding-house on West 65th St., for his parents lived in the country, and took a car down-town.

On 26th street he alighted and directed his steps to the West side, and on reaching an old, three-story, red brick house, with a white front door, and a narrow wooden sign, painted with golden letters on a black background, placed conspicuously and announcing to the public that table board could be obtained there, he paused for an instant, then nimbly mounted the stoop and pulled the handle of the bell.

The door was slightly opened and an unkempt head of light hair, then the upper part of a yellowish freckled

face protruded itself, and evidently recognizing the visitor, the door was thrown wide open, and a gaunt young woman, with folded up sleeves, wet, dripping hands and arms, and brush in hand—she was interrupted in the act of scrubbing the hall—was presented to view.

“Hello, Maggie!” cried Curtis familiarly, who wished to be popular with everybody; “is Miss Barbara Eckert at home?”

“Yes, Sah,” answered the maid; “she is waitin’ in de parler.” Having said this, she let him pass, and went on her hands and knees, with brush ready for work, following him with her eyes, in dog-like fashion, till he disappeared in the parlor, the door of which he closed.

The parlor was not too sumptuously furnished. The walls were covered with light-blue paper hangings and adorned with a few crayon pictures of elderly people of the working class. A carpet that had seen better days, an old, heavy, grayish-black, hair-cloth covered set of furniture, some bric-a-brac on the mantel, and a clock that emitted a peculiar hissing noise when striking, completed the furnishings. Between the two front windows, under a small looking-glass, stood a white marble table, and near it half facing the front window sat a young woman of about twenty. She had been watching at the front window and on hearing the footsteps of the visitor turned half around. She was a tall, compactly built girl, combining strength with suppleness of body. She had a fine, clear complexion, with large black eyes, a firm mouth, and a good-sized head, firmly posed on a pair of fine shoulders. Her hands,

though lacking the whiteness and fineness of the aristocrat, were shapely and strong. In short, she was a handsome woman of the people.

That morning her eyes were red, for she had been crying. As soon as she perceived the visitor, whom she had been evidently awaiting, she glanced into his face, and apparently not having been greatly reassured by what she saw there, quickly lowered her eyes and made a scarcely perceptible motion of her head by way of greeting.

The young man, on his side, was not very exuberant in demonstrations either, so that the first few moments passed in a silence which was uncomfortable to both of them. It was finally broken by the man, who, without any prelude, brutally began: "Well, Barbara, have you decided to do as I told you?"

"Fred," replied the girl in a subdued tone, "you know I can't."

"What! you still persist in your nonsense?" said Frederick, growing angry and excited. "Do you want to ruin me, to thwart all my plans, and destroy my prospects?"

"Fred, have you not ruined me? Have you not blasted my life? and now you wish to make me an accomplice in a crime."

"To h—— with the crime," hissed he.

"Curtis," began she rather boldly, "did you not promise to marry me?"

"I never did," retorted he brutally. "It was all in your imagination; you took me in by your tricks."

This was said in a cold, deliberate tone, and it stung

her to the quick. She turned red in the face, then pale and, trembling in all her body, exclaimed: "You are a liar! Beware how you speak to me, for you'll be sorry for what you say!"

Curtis was anything but a coward, and had a man pronounced such words in such a tone of voice he would have sprung on him like a tiger; but the woman's desperate defiance took him unawares and dumfounded him. From the habit, however, of resenting insults, he quickly got up, doubled his fists and was going to strike. But she, like a true daughter of the people, looked at him defiantly and scornfully, and said: "Go ahead, coward; strike a woman! Go ahead, strike me!"

He suddenly recollected that he was in a strange house with people within easy reach of voice, and to strike the woman would mean a scandal with probably very disastrous consequences, and he therefore restrained himself just in time from delivering a blow. He understood now that he had a hard nut to crack and that brute force would be opposed by brute force, and as she was the injured party, the case was thereby harder still. He therefore bethought himself of making practical application of his newly acquired legal training by resorting to tactics. He accordingly affected a smile, and softening his voice said: "My dear Barbara, you know I meant it only as a joke; of course, I love you, and wish to make you happy, and that's why I would like you to do as I bade you to."

"If so, Frederick," said she half reconciled, "why not marry now; you promised to after you graduated."

"My dear," replied he, "I depend on my father, and if I marry against his wish I shall be disinherited."

"We can get married secretly," suggested she, "and keep it quiet till we can make it public."

"Oh, this would not do," retorted he, "for if it ever leaks out we are lost."

"Then," said she, "I will wait till you are ready, and will go meanwhile to stay with my mother. I will confess all and beg forgiveness, telling her that you promised to do right by me."

This was said by her naively, without any intention of making a threat. But Curtis was appalled at the idea of such a contingency. He knew well the wrath of a mother, and that would mean ruin for him. He found it therefore expedient to make concessions, and, since he could not have all his own way, at least to gain some points. After much parleying, he agreed that she should go to some private institution and wait till her present condition should come to a natural termination, and he would support her, and later also the offspring, till he would be able to marry.

Having made this arrangement, he started to go; but she was not to see him any more for some time, and the prospective separation awakened in her feelings towards him which she had not felt before, and, bursting into tears, she embraced him ardently. But he received her demonstration of affection coldly, and disengaging himself from her embrace, he quickly left the room, and, gaining the street, walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER II

BARBARA

BARBARA ECKERT was born of German parents in New Britain, Conn., and was just rounding up her twentieth summer when what we have just related came to pass. Her father was a foreman in one of the many iron factories in that place. He gave Barbara and her younger sister—the only two children he had—a common school education, and also hired for them a music teacher at the rate of one dollar for three lessons. When Barbara was sixteen years old her father died, leaving a small wooden house and a meagre bank book.

Barbara went to work in a mill, but kept aloof from her fellow workers. Since childhood she had considered herself a “lady,” and cared little for the company of the working classes. When she had budded into womanhood, she became possessed of a strong desire for entering the ranks of the wealthy. She looked with longing and admiration at the rich young men with their fine clothes, easy ways and buoyant spirits, and the workingman, with his big, chapped hands, coarse voice, and questionable linen during working days, was distasteful to her.

She knew she was handsome, because she was told

so many times, both while yet a child and when grown up; the looking-glass reassured her that people were not lying about her good looks. She, of course, had many admirers among young men in the lower walks of life. The druggist's clerk around the corner was never loath to enter into a little flirtation with her whenever she would stop in to buy something. But she would have none of these; her aim and ambition were much higher; she desired to become a real lady, riding in her own carriage.

She had an ardent admirer in a youth by the name of Karl Schmalzkopf, who was about two years her senior. He came to the United States from Germany when quite young, and served as an apprentice under Barbara's father. Karl, as he was familiarly called in the family, was distantly related to the Eckerts and came frequently to partake of a meal, and at the same time he would go on errands. Barbara very often made use of him in this way. He would execute her orders promptly and carefully, first, because he was under obligations to her father, and, secondly, for reasons unaccountable to him at that time, he found great satisfaction in serving her. As he was in the condition of a dependent, he dared not aspire to equality, and executed her mandates with the faithfulness and devotion of a canine, not expecting in return from her those tokens of recognition which are usual between the opposite sexes, but was satisfied with merely picking up the crumbs.

On a winter evening he would watch her sew or read from his little corner where he would ensconce himself

with a book, which he would pick up at random, the long words of which would puzzle him and befuddle his brain, so that he would invariably fall asleep, the book coming down with a thud, which would cause him to wake up with a start, pick it up again and make another useless effort to read,—all of which would cause great laughter and amusement to Barbara. She considered him of no consequence, and was not at all embarrassed by his presence.

By the time her father died Karl had finished his apprenticeship and was started on ten dollars a week, which he considered a very handsome income, and in consequence acquired a tinge of pride and vanity. His demeanor became more dignified and imposing at the widow Eckert's house, but he was not much bolder and more self-possessed with Barbara. Her power over him was not diminished, though she addressed him now as Mr. Schmalzkopf (a name, by the way, that seemed funny to her, and at first made her laugh) instead of Karl, as before. He was still a frequent visitor at the house, though not so much as when he had been an apprentice.

Barbara at eighteen had grown and developed into a handsome young woman, and Karl, now nearly twenty-one, had also attained his full growth and development. He could not boast much of his appearance. He was not tall, was rather heavy, with a sallow complexion, high cheek bones, grey eyes, and light hair. Rumor, however, coupled his name with that of Barbara. Widow Eckert was not displeased with such a rumor, and wished it were true, as she liked Karl, whom she

came to regard as her own son, for his honesty and attachment to her family, and especially to her daughter. She even threw out hints to him that if he could get the young woman's consent, she would give them a mother's blessing.

As to Barbara, she grew more and more dissatisfied with her condition. Nearly two years had been spent by her in the mill and yet she was not more advanced than before. And meanwhile she would read in the New York papers of the good luck which fell to the lot of some working girls, of rich men falling in love with and marrying their employés. She knew several such cases by heart, and here she was buried in an obscure town with no earthly chance of attaining her desire. Was she not so pretty as some of those lucky girls? She saw their pictures in the papers, and she did not think they were pretty at all. Then she would fall into a reverie, picturing to herself her own rich, sumptuous wedding and a full description of it, accompanied with her picture, printed in the New York newspapers, and read all over the land. One Saturday evening, after she had received her week's meagre wages, she was sitting thus musing in the parlor, when Karl entered, with a broad, self-complacent smile on his face.

"Good evening, Miss Barbara," he said to her boldly and with a self-possessed air which he had not evinced before. "How are you gittin' along?"

"All right, thanks, Mr. Schmalzkopf," replied she, somewhat surprised at his change of manner.

"Miss Barbara," continued he, "you got to gimme

a present an' kongradulate me 'cause it's my twenty-furst birthday, an' I got to give ye a present 'cause I jest got a raise an' am gittin' now twelve dollars a week, enough to s'port a family. I jest got two tickets for the show, will ye come alon' vid me?" And he drew forth proudly two 25-cent tickets for some variety show which was then temporarily in town.

In fact it mattered very little to him what the performance was, as all theatrical plays seemed alike to him. But he heard of young men's taking their best girls to the theatre, and so he decided to take his Barbara. He bought such tickets, because he saw lots of other people buying them.

It is perhaps needless to say that he was in love with this girl. When he was yet a boy, he had feelings towards her which he could not define, nor, in fact, did he stop to analyze them; this was beyond his power. When, however, he attained manhood, these feelings assumed definite forms, and he knew that he loved her with the strong and deep affection of which only such retiring and unobtrusive natures as his are capable. Did she love him? This question hardly entered his simple mind. He had waited only till he reached his twenty-first birthday, when he thought he had a right to consider himself a man, and till he earned his two dollars a day, which he thought was a handsome income, and the possibility of a refusal on her part was hardly entertained by him. Why should she refuse him? He loved her and already earned so much, with good prospects of a still further increase in the near future. What girl would refuse such a tempting offer?

And so he desired on that particular evening, when some of his expectations were realized, to propose and to be accepted by Barbara, which would make his triumph and happiness complete. Before proposing to her he decided to take her to some theatre, as he had never before gone out with her alone for pleasure, and to familiarize himself with her tête-à-tête by spending together an agreeable evening, which he expected to wind up by offering himself and by being accepted. She looked with amusement at his pomposity and awkwardness, which seemed to her so comical that she nearly burst out laughing.

"No, Karl," said she, calling him by the first name, as she used to do when they were children, because she thought him too droll now to be ceremonious with him; "I don't care for shows; better take along your best girl."

Her calling him by his first name greatly encouraged him, and he was nowise abashed by her negative answer, for he thought it had been done to tease him a little and to make him more persistent.

"Me best goel, Barbara?" replied he, imitating her example, and calling her by the first name. "Why, who do ye tink is me best goel?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered she, still greatly amused.

As it often happens that man proposes and God disposes, so it occurred in this case that Karl was forced to come out with his declaration sooner than he had anticipated. All at once he became serious, paled considerably, and said in a tremulous voice:

“Barbara, ye’re me best goel.”

“I? Oh, you are only fooling—” replied she in a chanting voice and continuing to hum a song.

Her taunts exasperated him; he caught her hand in both of his, and, holding it tightly, said in a trembling, passionate voice: “Barbara, ye was always me best goel. I’m a man now, I mak good money; be me wife!”

As he had delivered himself of this, he was quivering in all his body. His limbs shook, and he hardly could stand. He was not a man of many words, and had had very little to do with women; it cost him therefore the greatest effort of his life to utter these few words into which he put all the fervor and the pent-up passion of many years of silence.

She looked at him in amazement, thinking the poor fellow had lost his head. She even forgot to withdraw her cramped hand, which he still continued holding firmly in both his big, rough ones.

He mistook her silence as being in his favor, and, intoxicated with passion and excitement, he threw his arms around her and approached his tobacco-smelling mouth to hers. No sooner, however, had he touched her lips than quick as a flash she came to her senses, repulsed him forcibly and brutally with elbows and fists, and pale with rage she exclaimed: “Get out, brute! What’s the matter with you? Are you crazy?” and with tears in her eyes she burst out from the room. She ran in search of her mother, whom she found busying herself in the kitchen.

Widow Eckert looked at her dear Barbara, dropped

the soup-ladle—so much struck was she by her child's appearance, and exclaimed in her mother-tongue, as she was wont to do when in great excitement: "Ach, mein Gott, was ist los, mein Kind?"

Barbara, with tears in her eyes and a voice hoarse with rage and emotion, told her what had happened. Her mother, a good old soul, listened attentively, enjoining meanwhile her daughter to calm herself, and then said: "But he did not mean any harm."

This enraged the young lady still more.

"Mother," said she passionately, "do you approve that such a nobody, a brute, should make love to me and hug me?"

"Karl is not a brute and is a good, honest workman, and I am sure he will make a good husband, just as your father, peace to his soul, was," said Widow Eckert severely. "It is a shame, Barbara," continued she, "to call Karl, whom your dear father so loved, a brute."

"So you are also with him and against me—all right, then, we'll see," retorted the other angrily; then she withdrew to her room.

As to Karl, if the roof of the house had fallen on his head he would not have been so stunned as by what had just occurred. He was crushed, annihilated by the terrific blow which he had received; it was so sudden, so unexpected, and so severe that his faculty of reasoning, never very acute, almost abandoned him now, and he stared stupidly around, muttering something to himself. He walked out of the house and wandered aimlessly away. He walked the whole night, hatless, and

oblivious to his surroundings—the hooting of the urchins and the injuries he received by coming in violent contact with trees, houses, fences, etc. Thus he roamed till day-break, when he found himself on the outskirts of the town. The fresh, brisk morning breeze brought him out to some extent from his daze, and he began to feel the exhaustion.

He returned mechanically homeward, reached the house, gained entrance into his room and, lying down on his bed without undressing, fell asleep.

Barbara retired to her room and, locking the door behind her, indulged for some time in a passionate, hysterical cry. She was raging against Karl, she was angry with her mother for upholding him, and was dissatisfied with her town and, in fact, with the whole world. Her mother came in to reason with and console her, but this made matters worse, so that the good soul withdrew, leaving the girl alone, thinking that the night's rest would allay her child's excitement.

As soon as her first outbursts were over, Barbara began to plan an escape from home. The idea of running away had come to her mind before, and the events of that evening confirmed her feeling that New Britain was not the proper place for her. Sooner or later she would have to quit it; why not now as well as at any other time? She knew that her mother would never consent to such a step. Would it not be easier now than at another time? Thus reasoning,—and enough has been said of Barbara to show that she had a will of her own and could reason more or less—she decided that it was best to fly then and there.

Accordingly, she gathered a few of her belongings, taking as little as possible, and made up a small bundle, wrapping it in a paper, and at day-break stealthily left the house, and managed, thanks to the quietness of the neighborhood where she lived, to gain the depot. There she was recognized by a railroad employé, who exclaimed, "Hello, you here so early?"

"Going to New Haven to my sick aunt; just received a telegram," answered she, unhesitatingly, for she had prepared herself for such an emergency, and she thus set into action at the commencement of her career her quick wit, which is peculiar to women, enabling them frequently to escape from very tight places gracefully. She bought a ticket for New Haven, and on reaching that place, bought another one for New York.

CHAPTER III

IN NEW YORK

BARBARA reached New York by the Grand Central Depot at the busiest hour of the day. Though it was Sunday and the traffic was not great, yet the shouting of cabmen, "Cab! Cab!" who appear to a stranger like infernal beings ready to gag you, lift you up bodily and put you in their cab to carry you away to a region whence there is little chance to return; the halloing and fighting of newsboys, who approach you with impudence, thrust their papers impertinently before your very nose, and retire with a greatly injured air as if you had robbed them of all their worldly possession if you refuse to buy from them a paper; the screaming of vendors and peddlers of various kinds; the barking of dogs, the clanging of bells, the hoarse voices of car drivers, the rumbling and thundering on the elevated road above and surface car below,—all this so overwhelmed the new-comer that she thought she had fallen into pandemonium.

Barbara's heart sank within her, and she shrank back afraid to venture out into the street. True, she had not expected any friends to meet her on her arrival, but she had not pictured to herself such a bedlam where everybody and everything seemed so indifferent, cold, and

even hostile to her. The idea crossed her mind to buy a ticket and return home immediately. But she recollected that her cash was too short for that. Meanwhile she noticed that a policeman was looking at her, and she feared lest she should be arrested and returned home ignominiously as a vagabond.

She therefore mustered up courage and walked out into the street, holding her bundle firmly, for a cabman was chasing her, trying to grab her bundle, shouting, "Cab! Cab!" She walked at hazard a few blocks, then paused, undecided what to do. She attracted a good deal of attention, for people stopped to look at her, especially the male portion, who took a fiendish delight in scrutinizing her from head to foot and following her with their eyes, as is the custom with some gentlemen who happen to meet a pretty young woman. Barbara with her country attire and bundle under her arm on Sunday naturally excited the curiosity of the passers-by to a great extent. She was annoyed and felt very uneasy.

She remembered having read about the Bowery and having also seen a play by that name, as a place where things can be gotten cheaply. She had never been before in New York or, in fact, in any large city, and had, therefore, no idea that some streets had an unsavory reputation. She decided to find her way to the Bowery, hire there a cheap room and then search for work.

She approached a middle-aged woman dressed in rustling black silk with a stiff collar, a three-story hat, with a big bird stuck in it conspicuously, and brand

new shoes, and asked her the way to the Bowery. The woman was evidently going to church, for she carried a fat, gilt-edged little book under her arm. No sooner, however, had Barbara pronounced the word Bowery, than the woman took to her heels, as if approached by a leper. She next addressed the same question to a young man, who looked at her with a leer and said, "It's too early for de Bowery," and went off, chuckling to himself, apparently highly satisfied with the fine joke. Tears stood in her eyes; she was at her wits' ends to account for the strange behavior of the people. She finally approached an elderly man, who seemed to her to have a kind, fatherly face, and asked him the same question. He looked at her pityingly for a few moments, shook his head, and said:

"You seem to be a stranger, my child. What do you want on the Bowery? That is not the place for you."

She had a momentary impulse to confess to him all, and to ask his advice; but she checked herself suddenly, being afraid to confide in a stranger. So she answered she had an aunt living on the Bowery, mentioning a number at random, and this mystical aunt she came to see. The gentleman gave her the desired information and left.

When she reached the Bowery, the day was already far advanced; it was a sultry June day; she was hungry, her throat parched, and so tired that she could hardly walk. She espied a big sign announcing that lodging could be had at fifteen or twenty cents a night. A traveler in Sahara could not be more overjoyed by the discovery of an oasis than the young woman was at the

sight of this sign. She mounted laboriously the dingy stairs and on beholding a large, dark, squalid room, with rows of double bedsteads, and oblong pieces of canvas stretched across them, taking the place of a mattress, a shudder passed through her, as she had never seen such a thing before. In an adjoining room covered with dust and smoke, on long, dirty, wooden benches, were sitting men, some singly, some in bunches, and some of them in lines; some were reading a newspaper, some were dozing, with their chins falling on their breasts, and some again chattering in whispers. Many of them were ragged, unshaven, hideous, with a forbidding air. Barbara trembled from fear. A man approached her, and on learning what she wanted, told her that it was not a place for ladies.

Sick in body and mind, she retired to continue her search. After many fruitless attempts which nearly brought her to the verge of despair, she finally secured a room in a respectable hotel at fifty cents a night. She paid for one night in advance and had just one dollar and sixty-five cents left.

She went to her room, locked the door and, after indulging in a good cry, washed her face, found the stale piece of bread that she had wrapped up when leaving home, broke her fast, and, stretching herself on the bed, was soon in the Land of Nod.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRUGGLE FOLLOWS

BARBARA got up early the following morning. Her first day's hardships, though they dampened her spirit and almost crushed out all hope, did not undermine her determination to struggle on till the bitter end and to conquer or succumb. It was impossible for her to retrace her steps, for she did not wish to cover herself with ridicule by returning home and acknowledging her defeat. This abstention from returning to the right path at the right time because of what people might think and say about it, is a moral cowardice peculiar almost to every human being, and has caused the ruin and perdition of many a woman as well as man.

Barbara accordingly left her bundle in the office, to be called for, and went in search of a room. It would be tiresome to follow her in this occupation. It is enough to say that her trials on the second day were no less than on the first one. In this place they did not want "lady boarders," in that, again, the rent was too high, or the house did not please. Finally, she secured a small room at the rate of one dollar a week. She paid one week's rent in advance, and had just sixty-five cents left.

The next question was to secure employment. It is

unnecessary to dwell on this point; everybody knows how hard it is, especially for a friendless girl, without references. Barbara tried to get a position in a store. Days passed by during which she tramped around from morning till evening only to return home weary, disappointed and starved. These are the most trying days for a stranger, whether man or woman, coming to a large city to seek for work. Those who have a strong will, some perseverance and a stroke of good luck succeed. Others, again, fail, despite all their efforts. Some of the latter, if they are too proud and sensitive to resort to questionable means for obtaining subsistence, put a violent end to their misery, either by obtaining five cents' worth of carbolic acid in a drug store, or, if they lack this amount, they find a way of ending their lives gratis; and some of them embrace a career of shame and disgrace, which after all leads to the same miserable end.

Now, it so happened that our heroine had the good luck to find a landlady with a kind heart, who did not put her out after her week's rent had expired, but instead sympathized with her and trusted her with rent and board, so that she had the possibility of looking for work. The landlady also promised her references when she would need any. It is hard to say what would have happened if she had not found a kind-hearted landlady. In all probability her adventures would have ended then and there.

As it was, Barbara found employment in one of the large stores on 23rd st., and soon moved to that neighborhood. Her salary, to commence with, was four dol-

lars a week, a little less yet than she used to earn in New Britain. Her life was also very monotonous, for it is needless to say, one can not enjoy life on such an income, which is hardly enough to keep body and soul together.

Barbara was not a flirt as the word is commonly understood. She had dignity and was too conscious of the power exerted by her sex, attributing too great importance to the deference in small matters shown by men to women in the United States, interpreting it as real homage from the stronger to the weaker. Women born of foreign parents sometimes carry the notions concerning the power of their sex to a ridiculous degree, imagining that if they wish a thing they have only to stretch out their hands to get it, and they are very often more deceived than cultured American women who know what is hidden under the respects paid them.

Barbara, therefore, would not stoop to flirt with every Tom, Dick and Harry, as done by some girls, but she desired to become a "lady," and accordingly assumed a dignified bearing. She was not of the sly, calculating kind either, but a young woman who was aware of her beauty, and considered that to marry a handsome, rich young man was something due to herself and to the exalted station of women in general in the country in which she was lucky enough to have been born. She would not bury herself in a small town like her parents and plod along, living from hand to mouth. Oh, no! Her parents were foreigners, but for her to marry a man like Karl and live like her parents would be a disgrace to herself and an insult to her sex. In New

York, therefore, as in New Britain, she scornfully repudiated the advances of the small employés, and as her employer happened to be a married man and his sons as well as the superintendent wasted their affections somewhere else, she kept her own company, and after she had been for two months in the metropolis there was no material change in her life, except that she felt lonelier and more friendless than in New Britain, where she had been surrounded by maternal love.

Yet she cared not to return home, for she had not yet accomplished anything, and thus to return would mean a defeat, which was odious to her.

CHAPTER V

KARL'S VISIT

FOR two months Barbara did not write to her mother for fear lest she should come to New York and force her in one way or another to return home.

The grief of the mother it is needless to describe; it can be easily imagined. At the end of her two months' stay in the store Barbara got "a raise," and was earning the handsome sum of five dollars a week. She decided then—probably her increase in salary buoyed up her hopes—to write to her mother. The letter was brief and as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER:

"Please forgive me for running away from home. I don't like Karl and don't like New Britain and did not like to stay there any longer. I work here in a Large Department Store and make good wages. When I have lots of money I'll come home and bring you and Sister Kate fine presents. In the next letter I'll write more. Please, mother, could you not send me my new silk dress as I hate to spend money now on a silk dress, and I have one hanging at home. Hoping that this will find you and Kate in good health, I remain,

"Your Loving Daughter,

"BARBARA."

As may be seen, the epistle was not a model of lit-

erary excellence, but the poor mother's joy on receiving it defies all description.

Karl Schmalzkopf did not entirely recover from the crushing disappointment he had received at the hands of Barbara. He was not the same; never very gay, he was more depressed still, and aged considerably. Far from nursing any feelings of hatred toward the one that spurned him, he loved her still more, and would have gone to the end of the earth if she only had beckoned him.

Widow Eckert did not feel strong enough to undertake the journey to New York, and she communicated the letter to Karl, and it was arranged that he should go immediately to see her child and request her in the name of the mother to return home.

He set out for New York the same day.

It was about 9 A. M. when Karl reached the store in which the object of his coming was employed. The number of customers was very small, and the young women, many of whom worked in the same department with Barbara, were just finishing recounting to one another their adventures of the preceding evening. A stout blonde was just telling a meagre, *petite* brunette, "He was so tall, dark and handsome, and met me at the corner not far from where I live,—and, oh, my! how well he dresses! and he insists on taking my arm". . . when she was interrupted by an awkward hayseed asking her, "Please, where is Miss Barbara?"

The blonde and the brunette, both startled, gazed critically at the new-comer, and could hardly keep back their giggles, so funny did he appear to them. From

mischievous, however, as they were not far from the young woman in quest, they escorted him, amid the stares and giggles of the other young ladies, to where she was, and saying with a mischievous smile, "Barbara, here is a gent to see you," they retired to their places.

The sudden apparition of Karl, the last person in the world she expected, and in such a place, nearly struck her dumb, so great was her amazement. After the first few moments of surprise were over her fury at the intruder knew no limits. Had he called at her house, it would not have been so bad; but to receive publicly there such a block-head was worse than death itself to her. She knew that the other girls were staring at her, and she could not therefore give vent to her rage, and stifling it within herself, she said to Karl, who meanwhile was standing and looking sheepishly at her, in a hoarse, angry voice: "What for have you come here? Who wants you here?"

"Barba," said he, "yer mother send me here wid news for ye."

At the mention of her mother her anger abated somewhat, for filial feelings had not vanished from her breast.

"How's mother?" asked she relaxing her angry tone somewhat.

"She's all right, an' wantch ye to come home," answered he.

The second part of his answer made her furious again.

"Return home? No, not now!" hissed she between her teeth, and, livid with rage, she began to arrange

the goods on her counter, turning her back on him and not noticing him any more. He stood there, looking very foolish, for some time, then, with tears in his eyes, he went away, saying in a low voice, "Good-by, Barbara."

She did not answer him and looked not at him as he retreated.

The girls noticed the scene and commented on it. As soon as he had turned his back, they greeted her with a storm of remarks.

"Where did you get that hayseed?" said one.

"How awfully nice he is!" echoed another.

"How well dressed!" exclaimed a third, and there was no end to comments.

Barbara bit her lips and said nothing.

CHAPTER VI

CURTIS MEETS BARBARA

A LITTLE over a month after the occurrence described above, Barbara met Mr. Curtis, who was introduced at the commencement of this tale.

This month was passed by her amid the insinuations and taunts of her fellow-workers in the store and in seclusion at home, and she was forced to the conclusion that New York was not the Promised Land; life there became almost unbearable to her.

It was in the early part of October, at the beginning of the college sessions, that Curtis, who had just returned from the country where he had passed his vacation, happened to drop, with a few fellow students, into the store where Barbara worked, to make some purchases, and incidentally to have a little fun with the pretty salesladies. They happened to come across this young woman, who was in charge of the cuff-buttons counter. Her beauty with her dignified, proud bearing attracted the attention of the lively coterie. They suddenly recollected that they all were in great need of the articles sold by the fair Barbara, and they crowded around the counter, jostling one another and joking.

“How many pairs do you need, Curt?” said one

wag. "I thought I didn't need any, but now I need lots of them."

"Ah, the buttons are as fair as the seller," remarked Curtis to his friends loud enough for Barbara to hear it.

"Oh, you won't buy any," said a third one; "you only want to look at the pretty saleslady."

The young woman hardly deigned to bestow as much as a smile on the young gallants. This somewhat provoked Curtis, and he addressed to her directly the remark: "I intended at first to buy only one pair but from your pretty hands I'll take all I can get," and he gazed at her with that bold somewhat insolent look which was peculiar to him when he wished to subdue man or woman.

She indifferently answered him, "Thanks," and began to arrange the disorder wrought on the counter by the buyers. They bought something, paid, and retired boisterously, teasing Curtis with his defeat. "What is the matter with Curtis?" they ejaculated. "He is in the soup!" was the answer. Curtis felt rather humbled. He said to his friends, "Wait a bit; the pretty sales-girl will soon be in my power."

"All right, show us what you can do, old boy!" answered they.

Had Barbara been an old, ugly woman, the matter would have been treated as a joke and forgotten. But she was a pretty girl that few young men would despise, and aside from a desire to rehabilitate his reputation as a conqueror of men and women among his friends, he relished the idea of subjugating this haughty

beauty who dared defy him in the presence of his college mates, and he accordingly resolved to bring her under his control. As to consequences, who stops to think of them when one has a pleasant adventure at hand? How many men and women recklessly entangle themselves in affairs which ultimately ruin their lives and bring shame and disgrace on themselves and on kindred and friends!

As to Barbara, the lively gang produced not an unfavorable impression on her, in spite of the bold and rather impudent complimenting, or perhaps thanks, to that. Some women have very little regard for the timid, shrinking kind of men, who dare not look a woman boldly in the face, get confused in her presence and look sheepish.

Curtis, who was evidently the leader of the gang, did not flit by without leaving a mark in her mind. She would certainly have been unable to define what the impression was, for now-a-days people do not fall in love at the first meeting, though this might have occurred in the olden times, to judge from what some novelists say; but it happens in the life of almost every man and woman that a person of the opposite sex at one time or another, crosses his or her path, and leaves a deeper impression than any one else. If the chain of events is such that the person does not vanish away—otherwise, of course, the matter ends speedily,—but turns up again and again, the future destiny of one or both is affected.

Barbara could not help noticing Curtis, whose fine, athletic figure, clear, bold eye and lively movements,

presented a sharp contrast with the squatty anatomy, dull look and awkwardness of Schmalzkopf, who would frequently come up to her mind, and whom she would compare with other men, to his disadvantage.

CHAPTER VII

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

DURING the few days following Curtis's visit Barbara vaguely thought of him, faintly hoping that he might turn up again.

By the books which the young men carried and by a few remarks dropped among themselves incidentally, she knew they were students; by their careless way of handling rolls of bills, which they drew out in paying for their small purchases, and also by their fine garments and easy ways she surmised—and quite correctly—that they were supplied with more than the bare necessities of life. What young, and for that matter old, lady would not be impressed more or less by such young men? Barbara was naturally so, but she received the first advances coldly, because she was proud of her beauty, and expected men to stoop to her before she would surrender.

Three days later Curtis called again. As soon as she perceived him, she felt her heart beat a little faster, but she suppressed all outward signs of any emotion.

"I like so much your buttons," began he, "that I came for more."

"We'll sell all you want," answered she.

"Will you sell all I want?" queried he, looking her boldly in the face. She made no answer to this.

"And your friends, don't they want any more buttons?" asked she.

"My friends?" said Curtis, "why, what do you care about my friends when I am here!"

"It is just the same to me," retorted she, "who comes here to buy goods; everybody is treated alike."

"But it is not the same to me who sells the goods," remarked he; "I would not care to buy from anybody but you."

"Oh, don't give me such taffy," answered she, assuming an air of injured innocence, such as many women can do, when the gentleman is handsome. "I am on to such tricks, and nobody will fool me."

"I did not come here to fool such a pretty girl, but am in earnest."

"Oh, you don't mean to say that," said she.

The conversation continued on this tone for some time, till it was imprudent to prolong it any more, for other customers appeared, and the overseer cast in her direction scrutinizing glances. The other salesgirls, whose attention was greatly attracted by Barbara's entertainment of a handsome young man, began to make comments. He therefore made a small purchase as a matter of form, and saying good-by, retired.

He called again a few days later and asked for an appointment outside the store. She at first demurred, but he insisted, gave his word of honor that he meant no harm and she yielded.

He took her several times to some of those resorts

called gardens where dancing, acrobatic feats, songs and vaudevilles are put up as a *pot pourri* wherewith many civilized people regale themselves. He treated her first to slight refreshments, then something heavier was partaken of. The conversation between the pair would not be highly interesting to an outsider.

Curtis could speak well of sport, and he also knew well his subjects studied at college. But he cared little for polished or light literature, so that he could hardly be considered an interesting talker in a ladies' drawing room. Barbara's education was limited to a common school curriculum, and her reading consisted mostly of the dime novels, unfortunately so much read by people of her class. Their conversation was therefore commonplace and limited to the most trivial matters.

Here is a specimen of their colloquy:

"That's a fine song," she would say to him on hearing somebody sing at the garden.

"Oh, very nice," would he answer.

"Can you sing this song?" she would ask. And he would hum something for her.

"Oh, go on, you nasty boy, you are fooling me! You don't sing it right."

They were not mutually attracted by noble motives, to complete each other's being morally, intellectually and physically; but on his part it was simply a desire of physical gratification, and on her side it was the striving for the realization of an absurd ambition to become a "lady"; there was no communion of souls, and therefore no great interchange of ideas.

One night, a few weeks after their acquaintance, he

was escorting her home, both of them in very gay spirits, after having enlivened their finer senses with a choice performance in one of the roof-gardens and indulged their grosser ones in a fine supper, punctuated with a few bottles of wine. This experience tempted the one to take and the other to permit liberties. Once on the danger line, they returned to it again and again on succeeding occasions, with the usual result—Lothario added another “conquest” to his list, and poor Barbara fell.

CHAPTER VIII

“WILL YOU MARRY ME”

AFTER Curtis had gratified his vanity, he thought of breaking off the adventure, as he did not entertain the idea of ever marrying her, for he considered her beneath him socially and intellectually. Besides, he had a poor opinion of her virtue, for though he himself was the cause of her downfall, yet he reasoned that since she had succumbed to him she might also to another. As to himself, of course, his conduct was heroic, for what kind of a man is he who can not triumph over woman? Is not a coward in war as a rule a laggard in love? Do not young men, when they meet, boast of their conquests? When women learn of it, do they turn their back upon such a man? Oh, no, they smile indulgently and say: “Well, well, he is sowing his wild oats,” and are not averse at having a little flirtation with such a redoubtable man on their own account, just to show that they are strong enough to withstand such attacks, like brave, good souls!

But to return to Curtis. When he would think of breaking with Barbara, she would present herself to his mind's eye as he had seen her at their last meeting and the many recollections of intimacy would appear vividly before his mind, and he would say: “Well, I

guess I'll see her a few times more; there is always time to withdraw, let us enjoy a good thing while it lasts."

Such thoughts often took possession of him while he sat before a book trying hard to study and miss an appointment and thus break off with her; but he would be compelled to leave his book and run to meet her, promising himself each time that it should be the last.

As for Barabara, this new mode of life was full of excitement and conflicting emotions of enjoyment and regret, as is the case with the woman when she has no legal standing.

Several times she broached the subject of marriage to Curtis, but he answered that he was only a student and could not think of marrying before he graduated.

Several months passed by in this way, when Barbara noticed a change in herself which fills with joy those women who court motherhood, and strikes terror into the hearts of those who regard it as a curse.

After brooding over the matter for some time she finally communicated her condition to Curtis. On learning this he became grave and serious.

Meanwhile time flew by fast, and her condition aroused suspicion and malevolent comments, so that she had to give up her position in the store. It was imperative for Curtis to do something, and we saw him at the beginning of our tale, get up in the morning in the early part of June and go to Barbara's boarding house to dispose definitely of the case. We heard the animated altercation between the pair. This was

practically their first quarrel, and at its end Barbara felt herself more intimately bound to Curtis than before, as some inferior spirits never become more attached to another than after they have received a good beating. There is a well known saying among the Russian female peasants, “If a man does not lick his wife, he does not love her”; or, “How can a man love his wife when he does not beat her?”

We saw that she kissed him passionately, but he was far from satisfied with the results, and her embrace only irritated him more against her; he left her brusquely, leaving enough money to last her for some-time, as stinginess was not one of his faults.

She remained in her seat motionless, her eyes full of tears. It was just one year since she had come to New York. Her past and future flitted across her mind, mingling in one chaos, and causing her to shudder. She had a foreboding that her life was irretrievably ruined, and felt crushed under the heavy blows of her merciless destiny. After sitting thus for some time, she got up, went to her room and began packing up her few belongings. The same evening she left her boarding house for the institution where she was to remain till her condition should come to a natural termination.

Curtis, when he quitted her, walked aimlessly for a short time in great agitation, then he glanced at his watch, and remembering that he had another appointment in the afternoon, and the time was drawing near, he dropped into a restaurant, took a quick lunch, and, boarding an uptown car, went to the other rendezvous.

CHAPTER IX

THE TWO FRIENDS

IN a sumptuously furnished parlor, in a fine residence situated in the fashionable section of New York, two young ladies were whiling away their time and chatting, touching now on very delicate and intimate matters and then, again, passing to most trivial subjects, with the ease and volubility peculiar to the sex, while the scene between Curtis and Barbara, as related above, took place in another part of the town.

“So you’ll get married in July,” said one of the interlocutors, May Clayton.

“That’s so,” answered the other, who bore the name of Clara Silverton. “I wished to get married in June, as it is so fashionable to get married at that time, but Fred has some affairs to attend to. Besides, he has studied so hard at College, poor fellow, that he needs a rest, and it is such hard work to prepare for one’s wedding! Don’t you think, dear, that Fred is handsome and lovely?” continued Miss Silverton.

“Oh, he is an Apollo!” answered her companion enthusiastically. “You are indeed a lucky girl to get such a fine young man. Do you love each other very much?”

“Of course, May,—what a silly question,” retorted

Miss Silverton somewhat offended. "Why, he tells me on his word of honor that he would not exchange me for the finest and richest woman in the country."

"Have you made all the arrangements for the wedding?" asked Miss Clayton.

"Yes, dear, everything is ready. You will be of course one of the bridesmaids, as we have agreed. I have selected all the others as you know. Just after the wedding we go for a trip in Europe and when we come back Fred will settle to the practice of law, and I am sure he will succeed, as he has so many friends. Papa will also give us a share in his business. Just look at the lovely presents. Are they not too nice for anything!" And so saying she picked up a fine set of sterling silver spoons and forks and held them up admiringly before the gaze of her friend.

"This was sent to us by Mr. Bagton, who deals with pa, you know. He was so impatient to send his present that he could not wait till the wedding, and here are many more," added she, picking up and examining other articles.

"You know I have decided to see Europe," said Miss Clayton, "and I hope to meet you somewhere across the ocean."

"We'll be in Paris probably by October, after we are through visiting other places, so we can meet there by that time if you go to Paris."

"Of course, I must see gay Paree," said Miss Clayton, "and we shall probably meet there."

"But why does not Fred come?" said Miss Silverton, glancing at her little gold watch and seeing that

it was already three o'clock. "I must tell you, my dear," continued she, "I notice Fred is very much disturbed of late; I don't know what is the matter with him. He tells me it is from great joy and excitement over the future, but I don't see why he should be so worried about that."

"Oh, there is probably nothing the matter and your imagination, Clara, runs away with you."

"We women never know what we are going into when we are marrying," said Miss Silverton pensively.

"You are going to marry a handsome young man, that's what you are going into, silly thing," replied Miss May gayly and half chidingly. "Miss Hunchford and old Miss Greenton will get sick from envy," continued she.

While they were thus talking the bell rang, and both young ladies started. "It must be him," said they in unison.

"Good afternoon, Clara," said Miss Clayton, feeling herself *de trop*, and preparing to withdraw.

"Don't be in a hurry," insisted the other, "you can stay here."

Meanwhile the subject of the two young women's conversation entered, who was no other than Frederick Curtis. He courteously greeted Miss Clayton, then approaching Miss Silverton he imprinted a kiss on her lips.

Miss Clayton then withdrew and left the couple alone.

"I have been waiting so impatiently," began she;

“ why, it is already past three, and we shall be late for our ride. ”

“ My dear Clara, ” said he, holding her in his arms, “ I was detained down-town on urgent business. ”

“ This urgent business of yours makes you come late very often; what is the use of getting married at all when you begin such things so early? ” said she half angrily, disengaging herself from his embrace.

“ My sweet, ” said he in as tender a voice as he could master, “ a poor relative of mine is very sick down-town and I went to see her and to do whatever I could. ”

At the same time he embraced her again and kissed her.

At the mention of sickness she relented and grew very sympathetic. Everybody, rich and poor, the great and the little, are subject to disease, and the sympathies are greatly aroused at the mention of it.

“ Oh, poor thing! ” said she feelingly; “ Why did you not let me know? I will go down and see her, and do for her all I can. Let us go there together to-morrow. ”

“ No, my sweet, ” replied he somewhat embarrassed by her unexpected sally; “ she—she has been sent away already to an—that’s it—to a—sanitarium outside the town, where she will be taken good care of. ”

And he kissed her again to hide his disturbance.

“ Oh, dear, ” continued he, “ you can not imagine what trouble this caused me. ”

“ Yes, I know what this means, ” said she, “ I re-

member how we all suffered when our little Willie was taken sick with the measles." Then she described for his benefit all that was said and done by the doctors and everybody else when her little brother was attacked with the measles. When she finished, tears stood in her eyes, so much did the reminiscence of the illness affect her.

"Well, darling," he said, "let us not talk any more of sickness; let us turn our attention to livelier things."

And they went out for a drive.

CHAPTER X

MISS SILVERTON

MISS CLARA SILVERTON's father was engaged in the brewery business, at which he made a handsome fortune. He had begun thirty years previously as a common laborer, but by thrift and good luck he succeeded in rising gradually till he became a partner in the business, and later he bought out his former employers. He settled a goodly sum for his daughter's marriage portion, and as she was his only daughter a great deal more awaited her on his demise.

Miss Silvertton was a tall blonde with ill-defined features. Though she was only twenty-two she already showed a tendency towards corpulency, which she inherited from her mother, who was stout and short, but was lucky enough to inherit from her father the tall stature.

She spent some time at a private academy and finished her education at home with private tutors, if a smattering of French, and an inkling of arithmetic, geography, and music can be called education. Miss Silvertton did not care to bother her head about scientific and literary problems, nor did other social questions keep her awake at night. She was not naturally of a passionate temperament, and was possessed of the good nature and stupidity peculiar to some blondes. Her organs of

speech, however, were well developed, and her ready tongue seemed to prevent her ideas from ripening, as she would unburden herself from them as soon as they were conceived, without giving them time for development. The Silverton and Curtis families had known each other for years, and the friendship between the two old gentlemen was quite strong.

The match in fact, between Clara and Frederick had long been a foregone conclusion between the two families. Miss Silverton's dowry and future expectations were a strong bait for many a young man, and Curtis who wished to play a part in the world, could not afford to despise such a prize.

Clara, on the other hand, considered Curtis a handsome fellow, of good family, with fine prospects, whom she liked as much as her negative nature was capable of liking anyone.

The wedding was to have taken place in the early part of June, but owing to Curtis's entanglement with Barbara, he offered excuses for its postponement.

Miss May Clayton, of whom the reader has caught a glimpse, and who will appear on the stage again in the near future, was the daughter of a Supreme Court judge, and was considered a belle in her circle. She and Clara were neighbors, and spent some time together in the private academy, from which Miss Clayton graduated. She was vivacious, full of mischief and fun.

Her svelte, graceful figure, her somewhat retroussé nose, and roguish, laughing, dark-blue eyes gave her a piquant air, as if saying, "Now, get me if you can."

While Curtis and Miss Silverton were out in the Park riding, Miss Clayton went in her carriage to her dressmaker's to see her new dress which she was to wear that evening at a fashionable reception given by one of her millionaire friends before her departure for Europe.

CHAPTER XI

KARL'S SECOND VISIT

LET us now for a while return a few months back in our story.

After Karl Schmalzkopf had been so peremptorily and unceremoniously dismissed by Barbara when he called to see her at the store, the poor fellow, more humbled and crushed than ever, returned to New Britain, not however to stay there, but to inform Widow Eckert of the result of his mission, and to dispose of his little affairs and return to New York as soon as possible.

The mother's sorrow at the refusal of her daughter to come home knew no bounds. But as Barbara was of age, and was consequently her own mistress, the poor mother could do nothing but relieve herself by a good cry and fervent prayer to God that He might change her daughter's heart and direct her in the right path.

Karl, after having made the necessary arrangements, came again to New York with the idea of looking there for work, as life without Barbara he considered not worth living.

Two weeks had elapsed since his first visit. This time, however, he did not go to the store, as he was

not so stupid as not to understand that by going there Barbara would be still more irritated against him. He, accordingly, waited for her outside of her place of employment till she returned from her day's work. When he saw her come out his heart gave a bound, and he could hear its beating; his breath nearly stopped. He dared not approach her and talk to her. She did not see him. He followed her to her boarding house, when she became conscious of somebody observing her, as it frequently happens that we turn around when somebody is looking at us from behind.

As soon as she perceived him, she stopped and said in an angry voice: "You are here again, what do you want of me anyhow?"

"Miss Barbara," said he in tremulous tones, "I come to look for work in New York. I can't live without ye."

So much devotion somewhat disarmed the young woman, as it will in fact any woman. But she was far from relenting entirely, and said: "Look here, Mr. Karl, I like you as an honest man and because you are a friend of the family, but I will never marry you."

"Wat have ye got against me?" queried the poor fellow with tears in his eyes.

"Nothing, Karl, I have got nothing against you, but I don't want you for my husband. Do you understand?" said she, raising somewhat her voice as she uttered the last sentence and getting furious at the annoyance to which she was subjected. "I don't want you for my husband, and I want you to stop bothering

me any more." Saying which she turned her back on him and entered the house.

Poor Karl found his way to his humble lodging, dropped in a chair and sat there for hours wondering why he was so unfortunate; why Barbara treated him so cruelly; why other fellows were so lucky, that they proposed and were accepted, and some of those he knew had even married in the short time since his unfortunate proposal.

Early the next morning he went out in search of work, not so much that he cared for work as to forget himself. For several days he abstained from going to meet her, as he greatly feared her rebuke, but he could resist no longer. Frequently he would ensconce himself behind some corner and watch till she passed, then he would follow her at a respectful distance.

Barbara several times noticed him, but as he would always remain far away she thought it best to leave him alone, thinking that he would get tired. His persistence, however, made her still angrier with him and more dissatisfied with her life in New York, and therefore when Curtis loomed up he was doubly welcome.

One evening in one of his night vigils around Barbara's dwelling in the hope of catching a glimpse of her, Karl made a discovery by which he was struck no less than was Robinson Crusoe when he discovered that he was not alone on his island. He noticed a "dude", as he called those who did not belong to the working class, hanging around the corner near where Barbara lived. Some foreboding made him look closely at this

"dude." The latter evidently disliked the stare of the uncouth stranger and resented it with a scowl. Karl moved away further and watched under cover. He soon saw a young woman approach the stranger with a smile, and after some greetings they both boarded a passing car and disappeared. This incident made the whole matter clear to his simple mind, and the questions which had beset him since he was rejected were suddenly solved for him. Barbara,—for it was she who came to meet the stranger—had a lover, therefore she spurned him, Karl, and therefore also she ran away from home.

This discovery gave rise in him to mingled feelings of relief and chagrin. He was relieved to learn that he failed because there was a previous attachment, and thus his *amour-propre*, which is found to a greater or lesser degree in all of us, suffered less. On the other hand, he was vexed to learn that another replaced him. The more he thought of it, the greater was his anger against and hatred for his rival, and after debating the matter with himself, he decided to beat off this obnoxious "dude." He accordingly watched for the opportunity.

One evening as the "dude", who was Curtis, was waiting for Barbara around the corner, Karl stepped up to him and looked him squarely into the face. Curtis recognized him as the one who had stared at him before.

"What do you want?" asked Curtis haughtily.

"Wot are ye hangin' round here fur?" demanded Karl.

"None of your d—— business," answered Curtis with an oath.

"I tell ye keep away from here," said Karl, coming nearer and doubling his fists.

Quick as a flash shot out Curtis's right and landed on Karl's jaw. The latter saw a thousand lights dancing before his eyes, and also experienced a sinking, sickening sensation as he felt himself raised from the ground and touching it again, with his lower extremities in an upward and then horizontal position. A crowd had meanwhile gathered around the combatants. The urchins were jeering Karl and urging Curtis to knock the "stuffins" out of him. The elder persons were examining the situation critically and knowingly with the air of *connoisseurs*.

Karl who was not a weakling and had had before some bouts in his factory with the boys, regained his feet, and seeing that he was at a disadvantage at long range fighting, rushed at his enemy and stuck to him like a bull-dog, scratching and biting. The spectators, who formed a ring around the combatants, cried "foul," "coward," "stop," etc., and some of them advanced to tear Karl away. But Curtis motioned them away and, with a few sledge-hammer blows on the head and face of his antagonist, caused the latter to release his grip and to fall bleeding on the ground to the great delight of the crowd.

Curtis moved away a few steps with the pride of a conquering hero ready for another attack from his antagonist.

Meanwhile Barbara, pale and haggard, appeared on

the scene. She took in the situation at a glance and understood.

Karl, who was then regaining his feet saw her, and was more staggered than by Curtis's blows. His interference was not solicited by her, and he was afraid that she would hate him still more. With a bleeding face, which he wiped with a dirty kerchief, he broke through the crowds and ran, the latter jeering and throwing stones at him.

Curtis took Barbara by the arm and led her away. The pitiable condition in which she saw her rejected lover appealed to her feminine heart, and she began to upbraid her accepted lover for having so unmercifully chastised his rival. But when Curtis informed her that the other was the aggressor her admiration for the former and dislike for the latter increased proportionally.

Karl nursed his wounds and humiliation for a long time, and months had passed before he appeared again before the house in which Barbara lived. His love to her was after that very often replaced by hatred and rage, which filled up his whole being and made him suffer cruelly. Had he been of a violent temper he might have resorted to homicide or suicide; but his was a peaceful nature, and as he had no other mental occupation to distract his thoughts, his suffering was acute. After some months had elapsed, he was again so much overpowered by a desire to see her that he forgot his humiliating defeat and his resolutions never again to look at this bad woman, as he would call her when overcome by rage, and cautiously approached

the vicinity of the house in which his love dwelt. This was at the time when she was already in the institution. A few evenings he spent thus in the surveillance of the house, but there was no trace of Barbara. Finally he mustered up courage to enter into the house and to make inquiries. He was informed that she had left the house a week ago, without leaving any address.

With a sinking heart and bowed head he retraced his steps.

CHAPTER XII

THE MARRIAGE

THE New York papers wrote short notices of the coming marriage of Clara Silverton to Curtis weeks in advance. At the approach of this most important event whole columns were devoted to the matter. The picture of the bride appeared on the first page accompanied with a description in glowing terms of her beauty, charms, accomplishments, etc. The smallest incidents of her early and later life; the history of the courtship; the gown which she was to wear at the church ceremony; the bridesmaids with their attire; her traveling dress,—all the minutiae, in a word, were duly noted and accurately described by intelligent, painstaking reporters, some of them graduates from Yale and Harvard and thus trained by wise and great professors. Not a little space was devoted to the bridegroom also. The marriage ceremony was to take place in a fashionable church.

On that memorable day, long before the appointed hour, crowds of people blocked the avenues and streets around the sanctuary—the men, some of them laughing, exchanging vulgar jokes interspersed with oaths, and others jostling against one another, cursing and fighting; the women, many of them with infants in

their arms, protesting and screaming at being so rudely pushed around, and holding on to their places as if their dear lives depended on their being there; the policemen wielding energetically their clubs and bringing them frequently in violent contact with heads and backs, with admonition, "Stand back"; the mounted guards walking their steeds into the crowds to clear up space; the drivers blaspheming and shouting for not being able to pass; and the whole punctuated with frequent exclamations of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" by the crowds at the sight of some real or imaginary distinguished personage,—all this could be seen and heard for blocks around the sanctuary where the momentous event of two youngsters getting married was to be consummated.

Finally the news spread as if by magic that the bridal cortege was approaching, and a murmur passed through the crowds, every individual craning his or her neck, pushing and elbowing the way nearer, and some trying to break through the thick line of police.

The bride appeared at last; she was seated in a closed carriage drawn by two horses and was dressed in white, with a bunch of flowers in her hand. At the sight of her a mighty roar arose from the crowd; thousands of tongues got suddenly loose, and thousands of voices mingled themselves to form a chaos, and exclamations of praise or disapproval, comments of various kinds, questions and remarks were heard all over. As soon as the carriage passed, the resistless crowds, like surging waters, broke through the police lines, and some rushed to the entrance of the church,

and after a desperate hand to hand fight with the police, during which oaths, curses, and blasphemies flew fast and thick, order was at last established.

The expenditure on flowers was so great that the church was transformed into a large conservatory, as Mr. Silverton, in order to give the affair as much éclat as possible, spared nothing to attain this end. Several great singers, who happened to be then in town, were engaged at a handsome sum to appear, and by their songs to add charm to the ecclesiastical proceedings.

There were in attendance important personages of the civil, military and judiciary departments as well as representatives of finance and industry.

A hundred couples, the relatives and intimate acquaintances of both families, were invited to a banquet that evening at one of the best hotels in the city. After the marriage rites were over, the newly married couple left the church and vanished from sight, as if ashamed of the act that had just been performed and seeking relief in flight, or as if the desire of mutual possession were so great and acute that they escaped in order to be alone.

The festivities, however, progressed as if the couple were present, and at the banquet the chief speaker was Judge Clayton, responding to the toast "Our American Institutions," whose speech had a far reaching object, as will be seen from its main substance, which we reproduce here:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

"It is the happiest moment of my life to take part

in the celebration of the wedding of the only daughter of my best friend and our most estimable citizen—Mr. Peter Silverton. It is indeed the pride of our free American institutions that by perseverance and economy one can raise himself to the highest ranks, as has been the case with our esteemed citizen whose daughter's happy marriage we are celebrating (Cries "Hurrah! for Mr. Silverton"), who by dint of thrift and industry is now occupying a place at the head of our financial and industrial world, and has been able to bring up his daughter on the same level with the children of the best families of the land.

"This tender offspring of parents of sterling virtues has been known to me since childhood, having budded before my eyes into beautiful womanhood, and it is the supreme happiness of my life to see her wedded to a brilliant young man full of promise of a great and glorious future (Cries "Three cheers for Curtis!"). Though it may be premature and perhaps also out of place to discuss the subject here, yet I can not help alluding to it—namely, taking into consideration the brilliant education and exemplary conduct of the happy Benedict, as well as the great support given to the party by his estimable father-in-law, Counsellor Frederick Curtis would be, in my opinion, the ideal nominee for Congress at the coming election. ("Hear, hear!" cried some voices. "Bet your sweet life, he will be nominated and elected!" cried others).

"Not wishing, however, to affect your digestion with politics, I will conclude my remarks by wishing success and happiness to the newly wedded couple, and by emptying this cup to the health and prosperity of our charming host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. P. Silverton."

The conclusion of Judge Clayton's remarks was greeted with a storm of applause. The possible nomination of Curtis for Congress was thrown like a

bombshell into the assembly, and as they were friends, it was naturally well received.

Above the hum and noise caused by the gay banqueters fragments of conversation between two men could be heard.

"Hear sly old fox Clayton talk of sterlin' virtues and exemplary conduct," said one, an assemblyman, who owned many saloons and a few questionable houses, and was a relative of Mr. Silverton; "since his wife died about five years ago he never comes home before two in the morning. Last night he stayed till four, drinking in my live museum up-town."

"Why, talk of him," said the other, an alderman, who was in the same line of business as the assemblyman; "when he gets a-goin' wid drink and women he is de worst toper of dem all. Once in my place he got so nasty I told him to leave the place. 'What!' says he, 'you order me out! A Judge of the Supreme Court! Wait till ye're brought before me again!' 'Yer Honor,' says I, 'I ain't afraid of nobody. I am the leader of my district and ain't afraid of nobody!' He seen he ain't got de right customer and says, 'Well, well, old boy, no fightin' between us; let us have a drink.' 'All right, Judge,' says I, 'I like to see fair play wid everybody.' He was so full dat night dat he had to be taken home in a cab."

"Hello, there," said a jovial young Congressman to them, "no conspiracies here, come, let us drink together," and the festivities continued late in the night.

When Mr. Silverton, full of the exciting events of

the day and of the stimulating effects of the night, returned late to his house he found a woman with a crying infant in her arms sitting on the stoop.

"What do you want, my dear woman?" asked he.

"I want to see Curtis," answered she.

"Curtis? why, he is away; what do you want with him? Here is something for you and go home," said he, handing her a coin.

"I don't want your money," answered she, pushing away his hand. "I am no beggar, I want to see Curtis, I am—."

"Go home," said he angrily, "I have no time to listen to you. Clear off from here or I'll call an officer and have you locked up," and so saying he went into the house and locked the door. A few minutes later the woman with her babe was gone.

CHAPTER XIII

BARBARA'S REFLECTIONS

BARBARA wrote to Curtis several letters from her retreat, which were not answered. When she became a mother she sent to him the following despatch: "Greetings from daughter and mother to father. Both well. Barbara."

The despatch was addressed to the boarding house in which Curtis had lived before his marriage, for though he had given Barbara at first a fictitious name and address, she soon discovered the real one by coming across some letters and cards which he had dropped from his pocket, and which she picked up.

As Curtis passed then most of his time with his fiancée, the landlady, thinking the telegram was of great importance, directed it to the house of the latter.

It was delivered to him in her presence. It was just a few days before their wedding. Curtis took the telegram, and, as if having a foreboding from whom it came, put it in his pocket without reading it. But Miss Silverton, with feminine curiosity, inquired, "From whom is it? Perhaps it is important; why don't you read it?"

"Oh, I receive many such, it is nothing," answered

he, trying to look as calm as possible. "But just let us look at it," persisted she.

There was no alternative for him but to open the envelope and read the contents. It was Barbara's despatch mentioned above. There was some agitation visible in him despite his desperate efforts to master himself. A more penetrating woman would have understood all; but Clara's tongue was developed at the expense of her other faculties.

"What is that?" asked she in childlike surprise.

"That—that is—yes, that is the poor relative I spoke to you about some time ago," answered he, reddening somewhat in his face. "I told you," continued he, getting bolder, "it was nonsense."

"Fred, I don't see how you can call it nonsense," retorted she in a reproachful tone, "I am very interested in the poor woman. Where is her husband, is he dead? I would like very much to see her and do what I can for her."

"Leave it to me, dear, I'll see that she wants nothing; really we can not trouble ourselves about every poor wretch in the city."

Thereupon the incident was closed, and on the part of Miss Silverton entirely forgotten, and the preparations for the wedding went on as before. Curtis ignored this despatch as he had done the letters. He wished to break off with Barbara, and thought that by ignoring her missives it would help his purpose. He also hoped that perhaps that country "jay" who engaged in a fight with him might marry her. He desired from the bottom of his heart that he should.

But as for Barbara, the more he ignored her the more she thought of him and the more disconsolate did she become, and also the more did her love for him grow. She had not yet entered into the stage where love alternates with hate and feelings of revenge, for she had not yet realized the deception practised on her. She imagined that her epistles might have miscarried.

One morning, about a week after she had become a mother and was still convalescing, she picked up a newspaper and, after having read a few lines, she dropped back in her seat with a painful moan, and lay pale and motionless like a corpse. The nurse, who was busying herself near by, ran up to her breathless and sent a hasty call for the doctor, meanwhile applying such restoratives as she thought best. By the time the medical man arrived the patient opened her eyes and was staring vacantly around. To all the questions put to her she shook her head in answer. The disciple of Hippocrates, who was a young chap with a small Van Dyke beard and pointed mustaches, passed in review the complications of parturition and decided that Barbara's sudden indisposition was due to a blood clot in one of her blood vessels, known as venous thrombus, as he had heard his professor say in a lecture that it might occur in such a condition, and, after having prescribed something for the patient, he rushed to his room and wrote an article on the case, which he immediately sent for publication to one of the medical journals, as he desired to become famous in the profession.

As for Barbara, had her maternity been legitimate,

the shock might have terminated very seriously. But it is remarkable how much these poor victims of men's perfidy and brutality as well perhaps as of their own lack of training, moral weakness, and feeble-mindedness, can brave and withstand when they are in the state in which Barbara was! If these poor wretches have erred and sinned, the consequent tortures and sufferings, which they frequently bear in hiding, without any helping hand, ought to atone to a great extent if not entirely wipe out their fault. And the male rascals—if society were rationally constructed—instead of being considered gallants and heroes, ought to be shunned as pests. If a man steals a loaf of bread, he is ostracized by society, but if one ruins a human life, the affair is dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. But if such a man should be brought before a human tribunal, the accused could justly say to his judges: "Take out the beam from your own eye before looking for grains of sand in my own," for in all probability ninety-nine per cent of the old, grave judges sowed their own wild oats in their time. But to return to our tale.

As soon as Barbara recovered a little from her shock, she insisted on leaving the institution the very same day, against the strong advice of the doctors. The same evening she left her retreat, taking her babe along, and set out for the boarding-house in which she knew Curtis lived. She reached the place and rang the bell. It was answered by Mrs. McDonald in person. It was already late in the evening, and the worthy boarding-

house mistress was greatly surprised to see a young woman with a bundle in her arms.

"What do you want?" asked she in some surprise.

"I want to see Curtis."

"What! Curtis?" ejaculated Mrs. McDonald. "What do you want him for? Why, he is just getting married to-day."

"So it is really him that is getting married?" gasped Barbara, her pale face assuming an earthy hue and her features contracted from great suffering. She felt her knees bend under her, she began to sway and would have fallen had not Mrs. McDonald noticed it and come to her assistance.

Mrs. McDonald was a brave soul, with a great heart and still greater curiosity, and in order to perform a charitable act, and at the same time to gratify her foible—for she scented a mystery in the affair—she helped our heroine into the house, put her in a seat, and brought her some refreshments.

"My child, you look very weak; take a drop of that," said she, pouring into a glass some whiskey, a supply of which the good lady kept always on hand for emergencies.

"No, thanks, I have to go. I wish to see Curtis," said Barbara feebly.

"My child, you seem to be in trouble. Has Curtis given you the trouble? Why, I knowed him for many years and a better boy never lived. Always paid regularly and gave presents to all. Never told me a cross-word. But why don't you put down that bundle?"

Is it a wedding present for Mr. Curtis? Just let me ——”

The good soul was suddenly interrupted by a sharp and shrill cry that came forth from the bundle. Her amazement and agitation was extreme.

“Aha! what is that? A live bundle, Jesus! and why do you walk around with this babe so late to look for Curtis? The poor thing must be hungry. Let us look at it,” and saying this she drew out the crying infant from its many wrappers and examined it as if she had never seen an infant before.

“And where does his w—wife live?” asked Barbara, absorbed in her thoughts and with difficulty pronouncing the title usurped by another woman from her.

“Oh, you mean his wife’s parents; they live on —— street, but the new couple are going to Europe, and I guess they are now on their way.”

Barbara got up suddenly from her chair and grabbed the baby, saying: “I must go quick, perhaps I will catch him.”

The urgent requests of Mrs. McDonald to stay longer and rest were of no avail, and the visitor left in haste. A suspicion then entered the brave woman’s mind, and she could be heard murmuring, “who would believe it of him, who would suspect?” And she went around prattling about the matter with her neighbors.

Barbara found the house easily. She mounted the stoop and rang the bell. A servant opened the door, eyed the visitor narrowly and in answer to her inquiry said that Curtis had not returned from the church, and he did not know whether he would return

at all, and, closing the door before her very nose, went to the servants' apartment, where the wedding was celebrated in their own fashion, and prattled over it to the other servants; but as they all were busy with their festivities the matter was hardly given any thought, and the woman, Curtis, and soon the whole world became to them extremely hazy and confused, and very soon their minds became a blank, with total oblivion of the past, present and future. Barbara lingered till she was chased away by Mr. Silverton as the reader saw above. He must have guessed that the woman was no other than our heroine.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RIVER

BARBARA, on being ordered away by Mr. Silverton, did not know whither to direct her steps, and walked aimlessly in the streets.

When she hastily left her retreat on learning of Curtis's marriage, she did not form any definite plan of action. She found out that she had been betrayed and having been overwhelmed with a desire to confront her betrayer she acted on the impulse of the moment, having had only one end in view—to see him, not knowing herself what she would do to him if she met him, and was oblivious to everything else in the world. But when she found herself in the street, alone in the night, with an infant in her arms, she became fully conscious of her misery and wretchedness, and her anguish mixed with the sense of weakness and powerlessness to avenge her wrongs, tore her heart and racked her body with excruciating pain and suffering. Over a year ago she had come to this modern Babylon penurious and friendless, with a bundle in her arms. But then she was buoyed up with hopes and expectations and was proud of a priceless gem—her virtue. Now she held in her arms the innocent witness of her disgrace and downfall, and for a moment she became

possessed of a mad impulse to vent her fury on this innocent being—itsself a victim of a calamitous destiny,—to extinguish its life and to free herself from the traces of her fatal errors and from impediments in her movements. But at this moment the babe emitted a long wail as if in sympathy with the mother's misery, and in her maternal breast then arose feelings of pity and tenderness for this cherub whom cruel fate destined to suffer on account of the progenitors' guilt.

Thus tormented and torn by conflicting emotions, she felt herself the most wretched creature on earth, and cursing her ill-fated star wished for death to deliver her from her sufferings. Mechanically she directed her steps towards the East River. "Sooner or later it must come; why not now? Why not end the misery of myself and this poor waif?" thought she. At this time the infant's cries became persistent and imperative. The mother gave it her empty breast, and after pulling at it in vain the babe dropped it in despair and gave vent to prolonged heart-rending yells. Tears rolled from the woman's eyes, she bit her lips till blood spurted from them.

"O Jesus, what have I done to deserve all that!" moaned she.

As she crossed an avenue she saw a group of gay revelers making merry, and behind, a lively couple walking arm in arm, joking and laughing. "O God!" thought she, "that woman yonder may in a year from now be in the same condition as I. Oh, how I hate this world! Come, let us finish it quickly." And so saying she reached a pier near the river. There was a full

moon. Big, fleecy, ragged clouds chased one another in the sky, now mischievously hiding the nocturnal lustre and transmitting only a dull lurid light, and then passing away, letting the Queen of the Night look pensively at the terrestrial globe full of vanities and follies. Below, the mighty bosom of the river, rolling on smoothly and for ages its waters dark and unfathomable like our destiny, and lined with black, hideous silhouettes of dilapidated ugly buildings, was now enveloped in a mantle of darkness, lit only with numerous twinkling lights from boats and buildings; then, again, as the clouds passed away, it caught the silvery rays of the moonlight and shone like a polished mirror.

The tranquillity and majesty of the night were now and then disturbed by a ribald song from a belated reveler, or by a shrill whistle of a small boat demanding the right of way, or by the deep, imposing roar of a bigger steamer warning others of danger and to keep away.

Barbara paused for awhile near the edge of the pier, and as she gazed, oblivious to her surroundings, into the black deep waters, she was forcibly and mysteriously attracted towards the Great Unknown, to lose her individuality and to find forgetfulness and rest by mingling her atoms with the mighty mass of matter of the universe.

“O God! forgive me, I can not stand it longer,” murmured she, and made a movement to leap.

She felt herself suddenly seized as in a vise, and a man’s voice yelled in her ear, “Stop! don’t ye see de river?”

"Let me go!" cried she, making efforts to wrench herself away from the man's grasp. "What do you care? It is none of your business."

"No, ye won't," said the man, tightening his hold; "I'll call de police." Barbara turned her face to the man, and immediately thereupon he relaxed his grasp and drew back a few steps, utterly staggered, as if stabbed in the heart.

"Is dat ye, Barbara!" exclaimed he in bewilderment when he recovered his speech. "Ye here on sech an errand!" Then she also recognized the man; but she was in a dazed condition, and was as if in a trance, her suffering having at last dulled her brain. She therefore did not evince great surprise at the strange encounter, and said coolly: "Yes, it is me, Karl; why didn't you let me do what I wanted to? There would be an end to my troubles."

"O Barbara, have ye come to dat!" cried the poor fellow with tears rolling from his eyes. "Lemme help ye, I'll do all I kin fur ye."

Barbara's heart was touched by so much devotion, and in her turn she experienced a feeling of pity and compassion for the poor, uncouth fellow.

"O Karl, you can't do much for me now. I am lost forever. Had I been wiser, things might have been different for both of us." At this moment the infant began to cry.

"Wat's dat?" asked Karl in amazement.

"That's my disgrace, Karl," replied she, bending her head.

Karl's voice was stifled by sobs. He saw there was

now an impassable gulf between them. But his big heart was nevertheless ready to help the woman he loved. He wiped his tears and said: "Well, no use standin' and talkin' here. Ye must be ungry and tired. Come wid me."

She could resist no longer and let him lead her.

"But how do *you* come here?" asked she after they had walked a short distance in silence.

"I live round here an' ov late can't sleep much, so I'm walkin' till very late to kill time," explained he.

The poor fellow, since his last visit to Barbara's boarding-house when he found she had left, spent much of his time, when not working, in wandering in the streets, faintly hoping to meet her. He often came to that pier and would sit wrapt in his thoughts, watching the boats, and many a time, in a fit of despondency, was he tempted to do what the object of his love tried to do, but the better sense always gained ascendancy, telling him that all hope was not lost.

That night, he sat in his usual corner, thinking of her more than usual, and almost despairing of ever seeing her again, when he saw a dark form aproaching him, and owing to the darkness, recognized her only when he was struggling with her. Though Karl was bitter against Barbara, against women in general and against the whole world, and valued little his own life, yet when he saw a poor wretch in danger of losing her life, his better nature asserted itself and he went to her rescue.

Now, though he saw that there was a terrible barrier between them, for even if she consented now his simple virtue would not allow him to marry a woman

(and he would never think to live with her without wedlock) who bore the traces of her disgrace, yet despite this, or perhaps on account of this, his pity towards her grew stronger, and he was ready to do everything for this poor creature whom he pitied now more than loved.

In silence they walked, Karl leading, till they reached a hotel in the neighborhood. He helped her in, bade good night, promising to call at noon, and retired.

He went home, and laid down for a rest, as he was weary and exhausted.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INTERVIEW

THE next day Karl did not go to work, and when he called at noon he found Barbara sitting on the bed, nursing the baby.

In the daylight he could see her better. She was thinner and paler than when he had last seen her. Her eyes were, owing to this change, much larger. There was a melancholy look in them. When Karl thus saw her, a feeling of pity not unmingled with love pervaded his whole being for this unfortunate woman, and though she held the proof of her sin in her arms, he was momentarily tempted to fall on his knees before her and kiss her feet, imploring her to forget her past and to turn a new leaf in life. Had he seen the slightest encouragement on her part, his old love would have been rekindled with irresistible fierceness, and his virtue and the slight repugnance which he had felt the previous night towards the fallen woman might have vanished like smoke. But she remained calm, made an effort to smile, and, bending her head, said: "Good morning, Karl; really, I'll never forget your kindness."

"Did ye sleep well?" asked he, not finding another theme for conversation.

"Thanks. I rested quite well, and now I am ready to go again."

"Were do ye want to go?"

"Really, I don't know, but I must go," said she in a low voice full of despair.

"Look here, Barbara, if you want somtin', if ye need money, don't be 'shamed to tell me, and I'll help all I can."

Barbara's eyes filled with tears. "Really I don't deserve it. I am a bad woman——"

"Don't, don't speak so!" interrupted Karl, choking with emotions.

"I ruined my life," began she again with a fierce look in her eyes, "and last night I wished to make an end to it. I would have done so, if you had not come to help me. I would do the same thing over again, but my heart is full of hate and revenge, and I want to live now to revenge myself on the scoundrel who ruined my life. Yes, Karl, I gave away my love to a scoundrel and I can live now only to pay him for what he has done to me. Now, I don't want to trouble you. I want only to borrow from you a little till I find work, for I am without a cent."

"Any time ye want, Barbara, write to me an' ye'll not have to be waitin' long," said he handing her the sum he had about him and his address.

"O, God, God! why couldn't I love Karl instead of that mean fellow?" exclaimed she, overwhelmed by emotions of gratitude. "But now it is too late, too late," continued she, as if musing to herself.

"Oh, don't min', don't min'," was all he found to say.

“Good-by, Karl, good-by; forgive a wretched woman,” said she, pressing his hands. “I’ll go away from New York, as this place is hateful to me, to look for work in another city, and as soon as I find work I’ll write to you.”

And thus they parted.

Barbara found a nurse for her infant, with whom it was left, and went to another town in search of work.

CHAPTER XVI

“ IN GAY PAREE ”

MR. AND MRS. CURTIS departed on their wedding trip to Europe directly after the marriage ceremony, and after having spent some time in England, repaired to Paris, where they proposed to pass the remainder of their vacation.

Papa Silvertown presented Curtis with a handsome check for his journey, and supplied him also with drafts on a Parisian bank in case he should fall short of ready cash. When an American travels for pleasure he does not count the cost, a fact of which the European hotel-keepers are not ignorant, and a good reason why they regard him as a welcome visitor.

Our hero, who was not naturally close in pecuniary matters, traveled in great style. In Paris as well as in London he stopped in the finest hotels and spent freely Mr. Silvertown's dollars.

In England, owing to the identity of the language, the couple felt almost at home. But as soon as they reached the French soil, everything seemed to them strange and incomprehensible. The voluble, lively French tongue bewildered them. Mrs. Curtis, who had received a smattering of French at her academy and had told her husband that she would have no difficulty in

traveling in France, felt greatly hurt by the fact that she and the lively Gauls could not understand one another. Curtis never cared much for foreign tongues, as "English was good enough," as he used to say. When he teased his better half for her inability to make herself understood in that language, she answered: "What do you want? These foreigners are so ignorant they don't understand their own language; I am sure I studied it well enough." And she was angry and disgusted that a people should so much distort a language as to make it incomprehensible for a decent person.

When they arrived in Paris, at first she kept herself in their apartment in the hotel, unwilling to go out. She declared that Paris was a nasty city and the inhabitants very stupid, and she could not see why people were raving about it so much. She was ready to engage berths in the next steamer bound for home, and would perhaps have done so, had she not agreed to meet her old friend, Miss May Clayton, who was to arrive in Paris and meet her there.

She took her meals in her rooms, seldom going down for dinner in the general dining-room, as her inability to understand French greatly irritated her.

One day Curtis was out; she felt very lonesome and angry for being left alone by her young lord, and went all alone to dine in the general *salon*. Next to her, at the same table, happened to sit a little elderly Frenchman, dyed and powdered, with an air blasé, who wished to pass as a young man and was yet pursuing his adventures with the gentler sex. He overheard her give

orders to the waiters in broken French, eyed her for some time, and at the end ventured to open a conversation.

“Comme il fait chaud aujourd’hui!” remarked he, anticipating her desire and helping her to more iced water.

She was by no means offended at the Frenchman’s unrequested intrusion, but was delighted to think that at last she was going to play her own little part in the gay capital. She slightly blushed and answered in wretched French, “We, mosiu,” at random, as she did not know what he said. Thereupon the voluble Gaul opened all his batteries, pouring forth numerous wordy bullets, aimed directly at his fair listener’s heart. He introduced himself as *Le Baron de la Blaque*, which was one of the parts of the conversation that she understood.

She was very much elated to learn that a real, live baron was flirting with her, and almost regretted her hasty marriage. After dinner, when she rose from the table, he escorted her to the ladies’ parlor, where he took leave of her with a melodramatic wave of the hand.

She was so delighted with her success that she forgot to scold her liege when he came in rather late, but instead told him of the charming time she had had, and that the Frenchmen were really very nice gentlemen.

Curtis had formed the acquaintance of an English tourist who was stopping in the same hotel, and together they idled away their time around the hotel, talking of baseball, horse-racing and prize-fighting, as the Britisher was a sport by nature. Many a time they went out to the Faubourgs, as the peripteral sections

of Paris are called, "slumming," Curtis availing himself of his spouse's desire to remain in her rooms undisturbed.

Mrs. Curtis did not manifest an even temper in the gay capital the first few weeks, being often cross and irritable towards her lord and also to the attendants. This led to retaliation on the part of Curtis, who in a fit of anger would disappear for a few hours and return to find his better half in tears, bemoaning her ill-luck. These few hours he passed with the Englishman in seeing the sights of the city and in visiting the *foire*,—a fair held by rotation in the various parts of the city most convenient for such a purpose. There our travelers saw rows of stands with various bric-a-brac exposed for sale; decorated wagons with patent medicines and stuffs for sharpening razors and knives, with Frenchmen dressed in grotesque costumes, haranguing the crowds on the quality of the goods; museums with women snake-charmers, wrestlers, acrobats and fighters; cheap theatres with continuous performances and at the entrance women—some stricken in age, some young yet, but all bearing the marks of vice and scantily attired—performing sinuous, insinuating dances to attract customers, and a painted and powdered female, fantastically dressed, stalking around majestically and chanting monotonously: "Messieurs et mesdames la représentation va commencer tout à l'heure," (the performance will take place immediately); shooting galleries, carousels and plenty of women of all types and kinds, moral and physical, loitering around,—in a word, our own dear old Coney Island in the city itself, with

the difference that the Anglo-Saxon coarseness and heaviness is relieved by the finer polish and gayety of the French in vice.

After having feasted their eyes in the *foire* our tourists would drop into a saloon to minister to their physical wants. The French drinks were at first intolerable to Curtis. “Nothing like a dear old cocktail to quench the thirst,” would he sigh. But soon he took a liking to the wines, absinthe, etc., and declared that Paris was “too d—— good for anything.”

It was after he had spent a most pleasant day loitering in the city, trying to forget his wife’s irritable temper, that he returned in the evening and was agreeably surprised to find her in high spirits. She took delight in detailing to him what had occurred at the dinner-table and in dwelling on the fine manners of the French nobleman, and she finished by saying: “He would certainly not leave his wife a whole day, alone, in a strange city, as you do.”

“It depends,” answered he laconically.

On the following morning an attendant handed her a card bearing the name of May Clayton. She ran delightedly to meet her dear old friend, who was waiting downstairs, and a lost traveler in Sahara could not be more overjoyed at the meeting of a friend than were the two ladies at seeing each other in a strange land. After the first embraces and demonstrations of joy were over Miss Clayton said: “Now tell me how you have spent your time? You must be well acquainted by this time with Paris, for you have seen everything worth seeing.”

“Oh, nothing of the kind, dear. I have not left the hotel; I did not care to go alone. I was waiting for you, and my husband you know is like the rest of them, they are only attentive before they get us, and then they forget about us. If you’ll listen to my advice, dearest, you’ll never marry.”

“No, not till the right one comes,” replied the maiden, jokingly.

“The right one—but who can tell who is the right and who is the wrong one? They all flirt well enough.” Then she imparted to her bosom friend all the details of her meeting with the baron at dinner.

Miss Clayton had visited Europe and also Paris five years previously with her mother, who was an invalid and traveled for her health. Although she was then quite young, yet she knew something of the city and of life, and was greatly amused at her friend’s simplicity. Finally, they arranged for a drive together in the near future in the Bois de Boulogne, and the visitor soon took leave of her, because she had only come on the previous day and had many things to attend to.

“I stay with my uncle, you know, for papa would not let me stop alone in a hotel; he had to remain at home on account of business. You must call on me with Mr. Curtis to-morrow. Here is my address,” and having given her the address, and kissed her friend again, she departed for her quarters.

CHAPTER XVII

MISS CLAYTON

MISS MAY CLAYTON took up her temporary abode with her maternal uncle, Mr. James Remington, for reasons given by her to her friend when leaving her address.

Mr. Remington was born in Boston, and was of an old, respectable family. His parents died while he was yet a student in Harvard, leaving him and his sister—who was a few years his senior and already married to Mr. Clayton—a small fortune, and what fell to his share was enough for him to finish his studies and to establish himself in business or a profession. After graduating from Harvard he did not know what to do with himself, as he had no inclination to or aptitude for business, and was equally loath to embrace a profession, being fully aware of the hardships, struggles and unprofessional conduct through which professional men must pass, owing to the great overcrowding in the liberal professions. As he belonged entirely to himself he decided to travel and to see the world.

After having spent several years in travel and seen the world, he had no more desire to return home, as he had, in fact, no near relatives across the ocean except

his sister, and she was married. So he settled in Paris. He was in the publishing business, in which he greatly prospered.

He was one of those Americans who with democratic ideas (Mr. Remington was a descendant of a stock that took an active part in the American Revolution) united culture, refinement and a broad knowledge of the world, acquired by travel. He was devoid of prejudices; what he respected most was intellect and integrity. He was a cosmopolitan in his family life, in his friends and acquaintances as well as in his ideas. He married a cultured French woman, and among his friends and acquaintances were representatives of all nations and climes. As he dealt in books, many of his acquaintances were of the intellectual class.

Miss May Clayton had thus an opportunity to see humanity in various phases. But, to tell the truth, she preferred rather to mingle in French high society, for she was not proof against the temptation of surprising her countrymen by the announcement of her engagement to a French noble, like some of her countrywomen who had less wit but better luck.

Unfortunately, her dowry hardly reached six figures, and she was not so stupid as not to know that it would hardly pay a nobleman's incidental debts, epitomised under "sundries," not to speak of the heavy ones. She had therefore to content herself as best she could.

Mr. and Mrs. Remington gave frequent "at homes" in their beautiful residence, near the Avenue de l'Opéra. Even in the hot summer, owing to their niece's visit,

they kept open house in the city, going very little to the country.

During her first few weeks' stay with her uncle she met a few young men bearing high names. But they were in literary pursuits and seemed to be too absorbed to think of matrimony. She also seemed to care little for them, as they were what she called "too slow." In order that the reader may better understand this young woman's character we shall say a few more words concerning her now, before she enters on the stage of real life.

Miss Clayton was an only child, and consequently greatly petted and spoiled by her mother when that lady was in good health. When she became an invalid, which occurred several years before her demise, she could not bestow much attention on the child, who was practically left to her own free will. When the mother died Miss Clayton was only fifteen years old, and had not long before entered an academy for young ladies. Her father was busy with politics, so that practically she was her own mistress. She was full of spirit and mischief, delighting in physical exercise. She was as bright as she was beautiful, quick at repartee and a great favorite in society. She had a free, open gait, and a frank, hearty laugh.

She was unlike her French or German sisters in the same stations in life, who laugh in subdued tones, drop their eye-lids when spoken to by a strange man, affect small steps in walking, who—in a word—have been trained to act according to conventionalities. Miss

Clayton liked those of the sterner sex, who were strong, active, and lively, finding little enjoyment in the society of those who were of a dreamy, pensive, contemplative disposition.

The Frenchmen with whom she came in contact considered her a novelty and liked her very much. The demure French damsels, partly from jealousy, partly from old-fashioned notions about propriety, were not favorably disposed towards her. As she knew not how to gain admission into French high life, she was compelled to satisfy herself with what she could get.

She spent much time with Mrs. Curtis, who, by the way, had by this time, owing greatly to the presence of her gay and lively friend, entirely overcome her peevishness, and her former aversion to the gay capital had been transformed into a strong attachment to it, to such an extent that as the time approached to return home, she regretted very much that she could not remain there indefinitely.

The two friends, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by Mr. Curtis, went out frequently shopping, driving and sight-seeing, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

CHAPTER XVIII

RECEPTION AT THE REMINGTONS

ONE evening in the middle of September, thanks to the cool weather and to the presence of the beautiful American visitor, the reception at the Remingtons in Paris was well attended, and such a heterogeneous gathering could be found only in a cosmopolitan city and in a cosmopolitan house.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and the Englishman that stopped in the same hotel with them, who was invited by Miss Clayton out of courtesy to Mr. Curtis.

Monsieur le Baron de la Blaque, who had been so smitten by Mrs. Curtis, happened to be an old acquaintance of the Remingtons, and though not a frequent visitor to their house, came that evening. The baron was the last scion of an aristocratic family and as he remained in single blessedness his pedigree was doomed to be buried with him. He had succeeded in getting rid of his heavily mortgaged estates soon after he had come in possession of them, squandering the scanty proceeds on cards and women, and in his older age tried to retrieve his fortune by engaging in literary pursuits. He was not, however, very successful in his new occupation. He had written a book on "The Nobility Dur-

ing the Reign of Louis XIV," which Mr. Remington tried to push for him, and had succeeded in disposing of a few hundred copies. He took an interest, not unmingled with pity, in this crank, a remnant of an effete aristocracy struggling in the last throes of death, whose days are numbered. There was a German physician, Dr. Wunderlich, who was pursuing bacteriological investigations in the Parisian laboratories. The whole summer he had spent in examining with German thoroughness specimens of *fœces* from patients suffering from summer complaints, in order to determine the microbes responsible for these affections. He had already discovered a few varieties and published a preliminary report of them in the medical journals, but he desired to continue his investigations in this line, in order to complete his report, and was very sorry that the cold weather was setting in, as it was hard for him to obtain fresh specimens for examination.

Two medicos from the United States happened also to be there. One, Dr. Humbugton, of New York, who was distantly related to Mr. Remington, came to Europe to take a course after he had finished his studies at home, in order to fit himself for a professorship. Old Dr. Humbugton owned considerable college stock and was practically the "boss" in the college, so that he intended to make his son a professor as soon as he came back from Europe. The youngster was a forlorn looking fellow, with an insipid smile on his face, and a peculiar way of jerking up his head, in the fashion of a he-goat, when talking. With him was a medical luminary, a Dr. Levy, from the East Side of New York

City, where he had an extensive practice among his coreligionists, the Cohns and Levys. "He is a smart boy, Dr. Levy is," they would say about him on the East Side, in the Ghetto. "In a short time of practice he has already bought a tenement house." And all the Cohns and Levys having marriageable daughters sent to him matrimonial agents to get him for a son-in-law. But Dr. Levy was a sly fellow; he was holding out till some brilliant party should turn up. Now, he went to Europe to increase his prestige in the Ghetto, where on returning, he might boast of his great scientific achievement in the Old World. He had a sandy beard, wore golden spectacles, had a perpetual smile on his face and was a great favorite with ladies. He and Dr. Humbugton graduated from the same college, but at home the latter hardly deigned to look at him, for class and race prejudices hold their sway within as well as without the college. But they met at a clinic in Paris and in a strange land are, very often, formed strange acquaintances. Levy spoke of his large practice, and Dr. Humbugton, who was going into practice himself, thought it best to overcome his prejudices and befriend Levy, who could call him into a number of consultations and thus help him to become famous as well as to derive pecuniary benefit, and hence the appearance of the pair at the reception.

There were also present two Russians, who escaped from their country because it was not safe for them to remain there any longer on account of holding ideas that were not graciously sanctioned by his Majesty the Czar.

There could likewise be seen a few French men and women of the industrial and commercial class.

Last, but not least, came, as if fate had desired it, a young man by the name of Eugene de St. Denis. As this young man had been destined by the inscrutable ways of Providence to be drawn into the whirlpool of life and play a part in it till he should be overwhelmed by superior forces, a rather detailed description of him will be given to the reader.

He was born of an old French family and counted several knights among his ancestors, but most of them distinguished themselves in the liberal professions and in politics. On that evening he had just passed his twenty-third year, and was as innocent and pure in body and mind as a virtuous girl of sixteen. He was a Southerner and showed it by his speech and by his complexion, which was dark, but with a rosy tint, and that was so charming that a pretty coquette might envy it. He was of medium stature and proportionately built. But he was as unconscious and little conceited of his physical charms as a babe. He was of a dreamy, contemplative disposition, and given to introspection and to the admiration of nature—he was a philosopher and a poet, however discordant it may seem to some. But he was not a poet of the licentious type, spending his time in writing sonnets to women or in immoral epics—he was not a Don Juan, but an angelic being, who proposed to employ his gift in stirring mankind's heart to deeds of honor and kindness. He was not inclined toward commerce or a profession and took literature for his vocation. He was unknown as yet to name and

fame, not having produced enough to be spoken of much, but those who were able to judge predicted a great future for him. Alas! that fatal evening doomed him to perdition and his friends to bitter disappointment and mortification. Like a butterfly which in circling around a light is at last, in a fatal moment, attracted to it, is scorched and expires in agony, so is an innocent soul in a fateful hour drawn into the meshes of an unfortunate love from which it extricates itself, if at all, lacerated, bleeding and a cripple for life.

When he was quite young, his father, who was a physician and a *savant*, died, leaving a small income on which he lived with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Remington adored the young man, and when their beautiful American niece came, they were very anxious the young people should meet, thinking the interest would be mutual. The young man had just arrived from the country, where he had spent the summer with his mother.

Such was the gathering on that September evening at the Remingtons.

CHAPTER XIX

SOME ODD CHARACTERS

WHEN a number of heterogeneous characters come together they are at first rather embarrassed, and the conversation is apt to lag for a while; which was the case with the mixed assembly described in the previous chapter, with the exception of the Baron, who opened his batteries immediately and spared not his vocal organs till the last.

As soon as he perceived Mrs. Curtis in the house of his friend, he recognized her as the lady with whom he had flirted in the hotel's restaurant; at first he was slightly nettled by such a strange coincidence, but he was soon over it, and on being introduced to that lady by the hostess, he saluted her with a grand air and said pompously, "How do you do, Madame Curtis, we have had the pleasure of meeting before, is it not so?" The good lady was greatly amused at the way he pronounced her name, with the accent on the last syllable, and admired his way of saluting, which she thought was so fine and noble. "Oh, he is a very nice man," remarked she in English to her neighbor, an elderly French lady, who did not understand a word of English.

Dr. Wunderlich was sitting in a corner near a small table all by himself, grave, serious, and absorbed in

thoughts, as if all the microbes of the world were weighing heavily on his broad shoulders and thick German neck, or as if he felt responsible for not finding a way of exterminating them. While thus sitting he mechanically drew with a lead-pencil on a piece of paper dots and short lines, which to an unpracticed eye seemed all alike. Mrs. Curtis, who, as the reader knows, was a curious dame, espied him in his occupation and asked him whether he was skillful in shorthand writing.

“What makes you think so, Madam? I know nothing of stenography,” answered he.

“Why, those dots and lines you make, are they not shorthand?” asked the lady in surprise.

The German looked at her as one would look at a person who did not know the capital of England. “No, Madam,” answered he gravely, “these represent the various pathogenic bacteria. This short line here is the bacillus tuberculosis; that is the comma bacillus of Koch, and these here I discovered in summer complaint, and——”

The German cared not to discuss science with laymen, but he was so full of his subject that once he began—and as in this case he could not be so rude as not to answer a lady’s question—he could not easily stop and was ready to go over the whole subject with German accuracy; but Mrs. Curtis hated long words and scientific discussions, which she considered very dull, so that she had not patience enough to wait till the end of the lecture. She gathered from his talk that he was referring to diseases, and she interrupted him by say-

ing: "Yes, I myself was so sick last year with a cough, and the doctors said I had a touch of consumption, but Dr. Bluffman, you know him, don't you?—gave me medicines and got me all right again."

The German was very interested in the subject, as he was collecting statistics of the recoveries of consumption, and therefore he asked, "Were there any tubercle bacilli found in your sputum?"

"What, sir!" asked the lady rather indignantly, "bac—bac—no, sir, no such a thing was found in *me*."

"Then it was not consumption," answered the scientist sententiously.

This irritated her considerably, and she said rather peevishly: "I know Dr. Bluffman is a good doctor; we have used him for many years, and he charges five dollars in his office and has a big practice, and he said so. That thing which you say is foreign; you may have it in your country, but we don't have it in America." The last sentence was added by her as a sort of compromise. The German was by this time thoroughly aroused, and forgetting his opponent's sex, exclaimed, "Madam, I have never heard of Dr. Bluffman, and I presume he must be a quack; here we gauge a scientist by his work, and not by the fee he charges or by the number of patients he has." This was said rather loudly, and attracted the attention of the two medical lights from the United States, who came nearer to the speaker, while Mrs. Curtis retired with an injured air, saying to herself: "I would never use such a doctor as he; he does not know how to talk to ladies. Why, if I say something to Dr. Bluffman he smiles and thinks it

very clever, and here this foreigner thinks I am a fool."

"Do you know Dr. Bluffman, of New York, gentlemen?" he asked them.

"Yes, doctor," answered Humbugton, Levy keeping a little in the back out of deference to the former, from whom he expected some position in connection with the college on returning to New York. "Dr. Bluffman has an extensive practice and is connected with many institutions."

"All your countrymen seem to appreciate a man by his success in making money," said the German bluntly, "but what has he done for science; what discoveries has he made?"

"Oh, he is a practical physician, he is a clinician, and has contributed to medical science by writing a book," answered Humbugton.

"Writing a book, writing a book," retorted the German contemptuously, "that is all you can do, to steal our discoveries and write them in your books."

"I hope we have also discovered something," Humbugton ventured to say.

Here Levy thought it an opportune moment for him to interpose, and said: "Have you not heard of old Dr. Humbugton, of New York? Why, he is a famous man, one that any country can be proud of."

"Never heard of him," answered the German briefly.

Here Dr. Humbugton's ire arose, and he said: "Well, however it is, we get along in our country better than you in yours, and your people come to us in

search of bread, not ours to you, and for all I know you may yourself come to us yet," saying which he and Levy moved away from the conceited Teuton and began to talk of his plans on reaching home, Levy listening respectfully.

"Yes, doctor," said Humbugton, "you will be my assistant and we must try to help each other. Of course, I can have lots of other fellows who would be only happy to assist me, but I wish to have a wide-awake man; you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, doctor, I understand," answered the other. "I can do something in return."

M. de St. Denis and Miss Clayton did not have the opportunity to enter into conversation during the first part of the evening and only occasionally glanced at each other from the corners of their eyes, like two combatants who eye each other on entering the arena, for the young people felt intuitively as soon as they met that their meeting would not pass without affecting their lives, at least the life of one of them. The occasion, however, soon presenting itself, the young man said:

"I have heard so much about you, Miss Clayton, that I am really happy to make your acquaintance."

"You really flatter, sir. I did not think that I was a person of such importance as to be spoken of so much."

"It is by no means flattery," replied he, "and I see now that too much has not been said of you, for to your other qualities you add that of modesty."

"Really, I was not aware that I had so many qual-

ities, but your countrymen seem to be consummate in the skill of making compliments, and so I will receive your remarks for what they are worth."

"It grieves me very much to hear you say so; this is a mistaken notion about our countrymen. Some think that all we are good for is to invent new styles in dresses, bon-bons, and to make compliments to ladies. We have, however, a Racine, a Molière, a Voltaire, a Rousseau, and a host of others. I hope you are acquainted with our literature and arts and sciences, is it not so?"

"Yes, I guess so, I studied a little, but I am not a great scholar, as this has never been my ambition."

"What do you like best, then, may I ask you, light literature?"

"I prefer this, to while away my time, when I have nothing else to do."

"Is literature of so little importance that it is indulged in only for the purpose of whiling away the time?" he asked somewhat surprised.

"Oh, not everybody's literature," retorted she with a mischievous twinkle in her beautiful eyes. "Some people's I value very much. Let me now return the compliment. I have heard so much about your writing, and that which I read from your pen I liked so much, that I would wish to read more of your writing."

"Now it is my turn to say that your countrywomen seem to be very skilful in flattering," remarked he with a smile; "I am sure you must have thought it the dull-est piece of work you ever read and the author an imbecile."

L.C.

"No, far from it, and I would consider it a great favor if you would give me some more of your work to read."

"I am sorry, or perhaps ought to be glad, to say that I have not much printed, but I have some manuscripts, and if it affords you pleasure to make yourself miserable in reading them I will forward them to you."

At that juncture refreshments were served and the conversation between the pair came to an end.

After this, as is usually the case, the guests felt themselves more at home, became more animated, and the confabulation livelier. The Baron spoke enough for a dozen Englishmen, all the time directing his bleary old little optics towards the place where he thought the *belle Americaine* was, but as Miss Clayton was in great demand, he had no opportunity to display his eloquence to her. Towards the end of the evening, however, he seized the propitious moment and pounced on her.

"Mademoiselle, I thought I would have to go away without having had the happiness to speak a few words to you," said he, corking his shriveled little face into a smile which he thought would kill her, but which nearly caused the young woman to burst into laughter, so comical did he appear.

"Oh, you certainly would not do this," she replied quite gravely, "a gallant French gentleman would certainly not be so rude to a woman who is a stranger."

"And you might as well add 'a beautiful woman,' " interposed the old beau.

"Oh, that is not for me to say," answered she.

"Then let me tell you," said he, working himself up into a fervor, "that, judging by you, America must be a paradise on earth,—it has charming women and golden mines, and I have a mind to cross the ocean myself; I hope I am young enough yet?" and he surveyed himself from head to foot in a nearby mirror. His juxtaposing women and gold mines made the joke unsavory to her, and she retaliated by saying: "We don't care for imported articles; we believe in home industries."

"But you certainly have no such an article as *le Baron de la Blaque*?"

"No, that we have not," answered she, smiling.

"Here you are right again," said the Frenchman, "and I see that you unite beauty and intelligence, a rare thing in our French women ('and for that matter in the Frenchmen, too,' thought our heroine to herself), and I see that you are the only woman that can understand me. Now, let me tell you that Baron de la Blaque is not like other noblemen; our motto has always been *sans peur et sans reproche*, and here you can see an indelible mark, which will tell you whether or no de la Blaque is a coward" and so saying he pointed to a scar on his forehead. "This was received," continued he, getting warmer and warmer, "in a duel with a count, because he dared to make a disparaging remark about a woman. And this," pointing to another scar on the back of the head, "was received in another duel with a ——"

“Does the Baron fight with his back towards his adversary?” interrupted the young woman with a malicious smile.

The hero was discomfited for a moment, but only for a moment, and on recovering said: “The coward attacked me from behind, but he paid with his life for that.”

Dame rumor had it around, however, that the worthy nobleman received his injuries on one occasion by coming unconsciously in violent collision with the edges of chairs under a banquet table after he had been greatly exhausted in doing honor to the viands and wines.

While he was recounting to his fair listener his brilliant exploits, the attention of those nearer was attracted by a rather heated discussion between the two Russians. It may or may not be known to the reader that some subjects of the Czar are afflicted with ideas of their own, and as his Majesty takes care of the commerce, industry, education and even of the thoughts of his dear children of his vast empire, he feels naturally indignant that his ungrateful subjects should take it into their heads to entertain notions of their own. The two Russians were of the above kind, and as they were not in a hurry to part with their favorite thoughts and still less with their heads, considering the latter, quite wisely, a very useful article, at least to themselves, they thought it best to keep themselves at some distance from the Father of their country, and they, like many others of their race, were inclined to delve into theories with regard to the best social arrangement for the future.

The Czar's two subjects had not been well acquainted with each other before, and that evening, at first, they had tried to draw each other out, like two prize-fighters trying to find each other's weak points at the beginning, and later on the combat began in earnest, for nothing so much delights some Russians as to dispute hotly occasionally, over some idea or theory, and even to quarrel over it, and the one that is worsted has as much respect for his wordy conqueror as some Anglo-Saxons have for the man who knocked them down physically and gave them a good thrashing.

The subject of the discussion was whether the subdivision of labor should be continued in the future system of society, which system in general had been accepted by both of them as a matter of course.

"No," said one, a strapping fellow with a red beard, "I say that specialization and subdivision of labor dulls the intellect and reduces the individual to a mere automaton."

"That is wrong," said the other, a black-bearded fellow; "specialization of labor leads to greater perfection in work; it will also enable men to finish the work quicker and thus leave time for mental recreation; therefore it must remain in our future society."

"I say you don't know what you are talking about," said the red-whiskered one; "it will make you so stupid that you will need no mental recreation."

"And I maintain that I am right," said the black-bearded one; "here are Karl Marx, Lassale, Tschernishewsky, and many others who say the same as I."

"And I have Bakunine to support me," said the other.

These authorities were buffeted forth and back by the two adversaries without any definite results, till finally the black-bearded fellow said, "What are your authorities anyhow? They are not scientists at all."

"So, dare you thus insult the memory of a man who fought and died in a worthy cause! And pray, what are your authorities? Mere theorists, that's all, only theorists."

This naturally led to retaliation on the part of the black-bearded fellow, who was a worthy antagonist, and the dispute grew hot, so that it attracted attention. Mr. Remington knew what it meant—it was only smoke, and no fire, for he had seen such things before. Curtis and the Englishman, however, who were sitting by, discussing the last prize-fight between two international celebrities, one an Englishman and the other an American, which made it an international affair, dropped their discussion, got up, examined the two Russians with an air of connoisseurs, and immediately exchanged bets, as they were sure a fight would result from the quarrel. The Russians, having noticed that they attracted attention, discontinued the dispute, and as it was late, took leave of the host and hostess and departed. Curtis and his friend thought that they would fight it out on the street, so they followed them outside, and what was their surprise and indignation to see them both walk off arm in arm!

"Cowards! they can only quarrel and not fight," exclaimed Curtis with contempt, and declared the bets off.

The Baron remarked to Miss Clayton when the Rus-

sians left: "In my time there would be a duel to the death as the result of such a scrape, but now-a-days young men have fish blood in their veins."

As it was growing late the company soon departed, including also M. de St. Denis, but not before he promised again, at Miss Clayton's second request, to bring her his manuscripts.

"Well, how do you like Eugene de St. Denis?" the Remingtons asked her, when they were left alone.

"He is a nice boy," was all she said.

CHAPTER XX

EUGENE ST. DENIS

WHEN M. Eugene de St. Denis left Miss May Clayton—whom for the sake of brevity we shall call respectively Eugene and May, by their Christian names—his thoughts reverted a long while to the American beauty, trying to analyze her and define her—a vain task for an innocent, inexperienced young man, who had had very little dealings with women.

On principle he admired her, and also perhaps because she was in some ways the antithesis of himself, for he believed in the free growth and development of the individual, and the frank laugh and look, with the firm, open step, of the American appealed to him as an ideal type of womanhood.

It is true she spoke rather lightly of literature, but then he compared her with some of the blue stockings he knew and the advantage was decidedly on her side, for he really did not care much for a sedate, learned woman. He was himself of a quiet, dreamy disposition, whereas the daughter of free America was active and lively, hating to remain in repose for any length of time, which formed a contrast to his nature, and which increased the attraction towards her, for in many instances we like something different from ourselves in

a woman, not liking to see ourselves thoroughly reflected in her; hence the very strange marriages as regards mental dispositions and stature.

But above all she was a beautiful woman, and what young man, a novice in love, can stop to examine dispassionately into the psychic conditions of a beautiful woman? The most glaring faults seem to him accomplishments. But May had no glaring faults, if measured by the criterion of the country and society in which she had been brought up; on the contrary, according to such a criterion, she was a fine type of womanhood.

As to May, she was not deeply impressed by the dreamy little French poet; she considered him a nice boy, as she had expressed it to the Remingtons, and that was all. There was in fact nothing in him to stir *her* heart. He was not a nobleman, not that she cared aught for the nobility itself, but it meant to her balls, parties, presentations in high society, in short, the fullest enjoyment of life while it lasts. As to her tender feminine side, love, though she was not, of course, insusceptible to it—for who is at the right time with the right person?—Eugene was hardly the one to awaken in her such a passion. A handsome coachman with a stronger will than hers might have succeeded better than the modest deferential gentleman whom she regarded as a pretty child or a fine poodle, of no consequence, made only to amuse her till something serious turned up.

Three days after the reception Eugene called with the manuscript. May was out. She went to bid good-bye to the Curtises, who were departing for home, as

they wished to reach America in order to be ready for the elections in the fall. As our heroine had no particular business at home, she proposed to stay in Paris a little longer. So he left the book for her and promised to call a few days later.

When May was bidding good-by to Mrs. Curtis, the latter said to her: "I see that the little poet was very sweet on you that night; we may perhaps hear soon of an engagement. I like the little Frenchman, he seems to be so gentle and nice; don't you?"

"I like him, too, but he is too slow; there is no life in him; he talks of books and philosophy, but I am no scholar or philosopher. I wish to enjoy life, and what pleasure in life can one find with such a man as he."

"Look out, he may fall in love with you then," cautioned Mrs. Curtis, who as a married woman thought she could give some advice.

"Oh, that is hardly likely; such a man as he, is so occupied with his books and ideas that he has no time for love; I don't know if he can love at all, and if he should fall in love with me the more fool he is," said she with a gleam of mischief in her eye.

"He will not be the only fool, though, you have made a lot of fools at home," said Mrs. Curtis, looking admiringly at her beautiful friend.

"Well, I don't force them to; I can not help it if men are so stupid." And the friends soon parted, the Curtises setting out on their journey homeward.

CHAPTER XXI

EUGENE AND MAY

A FEW days later Eugene called for the MS. It was a poem entitled *Les Mineurs*, and dealt with the hardships of this occupation, and related the unfortunate love of a young miner for his employer's daughter.

He called in the forenoon; he had been a frequent visitor to the house, and needed not to stand on ceremony with regard to the time of calling. Besides, he had to leave town in the afternoon for a few days, so he called earlier.

May had retired late the preceding night, and got up rather late in the morning. She wore a fine, light, morning gown, which hung in graceful folds, allowing her freedom of motion, and slightly displaying a finely chiseled forearm of marble whiteness and great suppleness. Her hair had been just dressed and was still slightly wet. Her complexion was healthy and rosy, and her eye bright and clear; add to this her graceful, undulating movements, which hinted at gentle curves and an exquisitely modeled figure, and you have a complete picture of a healthy, charming type of womanhood. When he saw her first, it was in the glare of artificial light, surrounded by strangers. Now she was in the intimacy of home environments, carelessly and

coquettishly attired, with a radiant smile on her rosy lips, displaying fine, pearly-white teeth, and it seemed to him that she was encircled by a halo, that she magnetized, so to say, the very air around her and attracted by a mysterious, invisible power, the undefined and undefinable power of femininity, which stirs and quickens the pulses and entangles one as a helpless victim in its meshes.

Thus, at his second visit, Eugene saw more of the woman than in the first, more than he had ever seen before, and a shudder passed through him, like one to whom are suddenly revealed the most powerful, mystic secrets of nature. It was a vision for him both beautiful and terrible, which allured and frightened him. He stood gazing at her a few moments, as if transfixed, not finding anything to say. But she greeted him cordially, with the freedom peculiar to the American girl, when she is not in love with the man, saying: "Good morning, M. de St. Denis; I am so sorry I was away when you called here last, but I had to go to see my friends off, and you must excuse me."

"Oh, please don't mention it," said he, slightly embarrassed by her steady look at him, and not having fully recovered yet from the first impressions, "you must really excuse me for calling at such a time, but as I have to leave town for a short time, I thought to give myself the pleasure of seeing you first."

"I am indeed exceedingly grateful to you for the compliment, and your visits are doubly welcome now that my friends have departed and I have very little congenial company."

"If my services are welcome to you, I put them entirely at your disposition, to be useful to you in any way you may desire," said he with the gallantry peculiar to a Frenchman.

"Very well, I may put you to the test soon, and I am afraid you may not find it a very easy undertaking," replied she, smiling.

"I shall be only too happy," answered he, regaining his *sang-froid* and boldness. "By the way, how did you find my manuscript? I hope you did not fall asleep over it?" he remarked after a little pause.

"Oh, no! far from it," said she, "I enjoyed it immensely, only there is one thing in it which I do not approve, and that is a poor young man falling in love with a rich girl."

"Is love a privilege of the rich only?" asked he in surprise.

"No, I don't say that, but I mean to say that it is foolish for a woman to marry a poor man. A wealthy woman must have a fine home, comfort, and when she marries a poor man she is only miserable."

Eugene was astounded to hear this young woman talk in such a practical, calculating way. The charm had in an instant gone, and for a while she seemed to him a selfish, cold-hearted coquette, and he said rather sarcastically: "I have read and heard that your countrymen are practical people, who bow to the Almighty dollar, but I had another opinion of your countrywomen; I see now that I have been mistaken."

"Oh, no! you are entirely mistaken, I care nothing

for money, but I wish to enjoy life," answered she resentfully.

"But suppose you should happen to fall in love with a poor young man, what would you do?" asked he.

"Marry him, of course; but I will try not to."

"Do you suppose that marriage should be a business transaction?" asked he, curious to know as an observer, thought he, her views on the subject.

"It should be both, love and business," answered she unhesitatingly.

Eugene had no intention of falling in love with the American beauty, or to speak more correctly, he had no idea then that he *was* falling in love with her, and thought he was conversing with her and discoursing on the delicate subject of love very naturally, as young people will drift to this topic, especially when discussing a love story, yet he felt greatly hurt to hear her entertain such practical views, more so than if such views had been held by an old ugly maid, or if he had known himself to be wealthy.

"Well," thought he to himself, "she is only a selfish creature, and unfortunate will be the one who falls a victim to her physical charms." And he was about to go away. Had he done so then and there, this history would probably have ended here; but at that moment Mr. Remington entered, and as it was dinner time the young man was persuaded by the host and hostess to stay to dinner.

During the meal May was gay, vivacious and put them all in good humor. Eugene forgot her practical views, or if he recollected them, he dismissed them

by saying inwardly: "It would be indeed a pity that such a lovely creature should live in want and misery. She is at least frank in expressing her views, and if she should fall in love and marry, she will surely make a good wife," and he chatted gaily with those around the table till the time for his departure came. When he was taking leave of her she said: "Please call again, I hope you will not think badly of me on account of my practical ideas. I told you the first time when we met that you would be disappointed in me if you knew me a little longer."

"I hope that on further acquaintance with you I shall be disappointed in your faults and will consider them as your qualities," said he with a smile, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE

WHEN Eugene returned to Paris after a week's absence on business, he was debating within himself whether or not he should continue his visits to the beautiful American. Of course, he did not think there was any danger for him. He was not matrimonially inclined, and was too honorable to think of obtaining the object of his love by dishonorable means, and he therefore thought that he was running no risk of falling a victim to the charms of the American maid, as he believed that with a strong will power this could not happen, unless one unbridled his self-control.

Poets are habitually regarded as having a great foible for the softer sex, whose charms they like to sing, and by doing this become a prey to their own fancy. But as we said before, our poet was not of the ordinary kind,—he mingled a grain of philosophy with his poesy, and he felt himself secure against a temptation that would bring only suffering and misery. But a poet he was, and admired greatly the beautiful and above all the natural, in contradistinction to the artificial beauty. He considered May, the more he saw of her, as a type of savage, unhampered, un-

stunted beauty, left freely to its full growth and development, with no restraint on her individuality, except such as her own fancy might have suggested at any moment; and he was such an admirer and advocate of full individual development and liberty, physical and intellectual, and he considered her such a fine specimen of American freedom, which puts no bridle on its sons and daughters, unlike the effete Europe with its paternal governments, which take the individual under their wings, from his birth till his death and even afterwards, regulating his motions and thoughts,—that he thought, on the one hand, since there was no personal risk to him, he might as well cultivate her acquaintance further and learn more of her ways and propensities. On the other hand—but let us hear his own reasoning:

“Of course there is no danger of my falling in love with her,” reasoned he to himself, “for what sense would there be for an obscure little author to fall in love with a dazzling beauty who wishes to shine in high life? Besides, it is not the time for me to fall in love with anybody. But the question is why should I go to see her? What have we in common to make it interesting for each other? I am a dreamy, slow fellow; she, a gay, lively body, very little given to deep thought and introspection.” So thinking he was resolved not to see her any more.

But then the other idea crossed his mind: “After all, why not go and enjoy her company? She is certainly charming and highly interesting, and there is no harm in such innocent pleasure; besides, there

is a good opportunity to study a new type of woman-kind, grown and developed across the ocean," and so saying he involuntarily bent his steps towards the object of his thoughts.

He lived in an apartment with his mother in the Rue St. Honoré and on a fine day liked to walk. As he walked along that day he came across some wretched dwellings, with their poverty-stricken, haggard, half-starved and half-dressed inmates, and on beholding the sallow, sickly faces of the women and children, he thought to himself: "Yes, she is right; there is too much poverty and misery in the world, and what right has a poor man to love, to marry and to bring forth a family? A woman in poverty is like a flower in a scorching sun and without water; she fades, sickens and dies or drags along a miserable existence. Yes, those Yankee women are practical, like the men, and they can hardly be blamed for it." And so musing he reached the place of his destination.

Near the entrance he saw a carriage with horses waiting, and wondered whether there was a visitor. It was in the afternoon. He rang the bell and was shown in. May was dressed and ready to go out with Mrs. Remington for an afternoon drive. She was as charming as before, with the difference that when he saw her last, her dress suggested femininity and love, and now her femininity was decked in regal splendor, which awes and subjugates, without, at the same time, losing the subtle, mysterious force of the sex which intoxicates and attracts.

She wore a close fitting gray gown, which showed to advantage her elegant, shapely, elastic body, and on her beautiful head, crowned with rich auburn hair, she had a fine, large hat which, in addition to the half-drawn up veil on her face, half-shaded the upper part of it, and enhanced its beauty and allurements by revealing and suggesting slightly, leaving the beholder lost in conjectures as to the rest.

In her presence Eugene forgot his philosophy and the whole world, and had eyes for her alone.

She greeted him cordially this time also as at the last, and excused herself for going away, pleading ignorance of his coming. She also inquired concerning the success of his journey; to all of which he answered in a rather inaudible voice and incoherently, so much perturbed was he by the sight of the woman. She, however, mistook it for dullness and apathy and was beginning to think, "That little chap is really dull and slow-witted—" when Mrs. Remington entered, fully dressed, and after greeting him and saying a few words, invited him to ride in their carriage, as there was room enough. He accepted with alacrity.

May was not greatly pleased at first. "He will spoil my pleasure with his dullness," thought she, but, of course, said nothing and put on a smiling face. During the drive, however, owing to the fresh breeze and the pleasant company, he fully regained his self-possession and was very gay and lively, which helped to rehabilitate him greatly in May's eyes. As they passed along the boulevards, the American maid attracted a great deal of notice, and the little Frenchmen

feasted their little black optics on her, escorting her with their regards as far as they saw, and remarking to one another, "*Qu'elle est belle, mon Dieu!*"

They all returned home from their drive in high spirits. Needless, perhaps, to say that Eugene was invited by both ladies to call again, and that he accepted the invitation and did call. His visits then became very frequent, and later he began to go out with May alone, thinking all the time he was simply having some distraction and at the same time studying a new type of womanhood.

On further acquaintance, she found his company more congenial and was glad to avail herself of him, for the lack of something better. They visited together the Louvre and other museums, and as an educated Parisian he gave her very interesting information about a number of things. They also went to see Napoleon's tomb, and on entering the solemn sanctuary with the inlaid marble floor and the marble columns, with its soft, subdued sunlight streaming in from above, and on beholding the vase-like sarcophagus in which lie the remains of the Great Emperor, she was filled with awe and admiration for French art, for Frenchmen in general, and for her companion in particular. She asked him many questions, which he answered to her fullest satisfaction.

"Whenever you will come to our country, I will show you everything there," she said to him in ecstasy, when they went out in the open air.

"You will perhaps be ashamed to show yourself on the street with me in your country, for what am

"I? a poor Frenchman, and you the daughter of a judge, a powerful man in your land," said he, half-jesting and half-bitterly.

"Oh, don't be so silly," retorted she in an offended tone; "ours is a free country, the rich and the poor are alike."

"Yet you said yourself you would not fall in love with a poor man."

"Oh, you silly boy," answered she, looking at him roguishly, "You remember such things, and I have long forgotten them. Saying and doing are two different things. Besides, marriage is something else, as one is bound for a life time."

Her equivocal answer made him guess whether or not she had changed her views expressed at their second meeting with regard to a woman's falling in love with a poor man. As it was growing late, and, besides, as he thought that this question did not concern him directly, he did not press her for a direct answer.

CHAPTER XXIII

A LAST OPPORTUNITY

Two months passed by, Eugene spending the time in May's company whenever she was not otherwise engaged, and as her circle of acquaintances was not very extensive, they spent a great deal of time together. The Remingtons looked on and smiled; they suspected that a match would be the result, which they thought would be an excellent thing for both the young people. May, they knew, was of a wilful, restless, vivacious nature, which if blended with Eugene's steadiness, calmness, and serenity would make a harmonious whole, and they also surmised that if she should happen to love the man, she would make a good wife.

Eugene's mother, a fine old motherly woman, noticed his frequent and protracted absences, as well as his neglect of work, and gleaned the truth. One morning she said to him: "My son, I notice that you stay away from home more than usual. I am afraid that it may do you no good."

"Never mind mother, I will soon go to work again; I am sure a young man can have some distraction for a while."

"Oh, if it were only for a while," retorted the good

lady, shaking her head, "but I fear, my son, that that little distraction may lead you too far."

"Why so, mother?" asked he uneasily.

"I know, my son, no good ever comes from such flirtations, and the marriages with these foreigners are still worse; we don't know who they are and what they are."

"Mother, please, don't talk in this way; if you allude to Miss Clayton, you know she is of good family. But this is immaterial to me, for I have no matrimonial intentions with regard to her."

"I pray to God that all may end well," said the good lady religiously.

Eugene was deceiving himself right along with the idea that his heart was safe in respect to the charming American, and that he could easily part from her and have only friendly reminiscences. As the time approached, however, for her departure for America—as she had to be home by New Year's Day—he grew uneasy, and began to ask himself the question whether he was not more affected than he had thought at first. But as she was to stay yet a few weeks, he thought there was no need for him to anticipate events. He would visit her till the end of her stay, and then if the parting should prove harder than he had suspected, there was time enough to be miserable.

About the latter part of November, on a fine, crispy afternoon, they took a small steamer, called *Bateau-Mouche*, on the Seine, near the Trocadéro, and went down the river as far as the boat took them, alighting in the country, in a fine grove, near the banks. May

jumped with delight at the beautiful country scenery, like a school girl, and her hilarity was communicated to Eugene, who tried to outdo her in gayety.

The grove was situated on a hill, at one side of which flowed the Seine, while on the other it sloped down gently into arable land, where a few little white houses inhabited by farmers could be seen at a distance. The trees were devoid of leaves, which, yellow and dried, covered the ground, and gave rise to an agreeable rustling sound as they were trodden upon. The brisk breeze caused the naked tops of the tall poplars to sway to and fro and to emit a peculiar sigh as if communicating to one another their long sufferings and sorrows. All this was so romantic and so impressed our young people that they were fairly intoxicated with joy and hardly knew how to give vent to their exuberant feelings. After running and jumping and dancing around till they worked off their buoyancy of spirits, they sat down on a log facing the river for a rest. The sun was already setting in the west, and the horizon was covered with a red, glowing light. All around was still. The whole scene was one of serenity and grandeur, so as to impress even the most thoughtless and conceited with his insignificance. May fell into a reverie, a thing not very usual with her. Eugene watched her for a while, and then said:

“May I help you think?”

“Yes, if you like. I have been thinking how nice it would be to live in such a place, far away from the turmoil and follies of the city.”

"I see that this place has the effect of making you quite romantic," remarked he banteringly. "If I remember aright, your inclinations are not toward such a mode of existence."

"Of course," replied she, "I might not like it for always, but just for a change. Would you like to live always in the country?"

"I think I would with my *bien aimée*," (well beloved), answered he with a significant look at her, which she seemed not to perceive. "Yes," continued the young man, "the country has always been my ideal. The people here may lack the external polish of the city folks, but they have in them something much better—they have not been so much corrupted by false civilization."

"Oh, he already begins his philosophy," thought she to herself, and aloud she said; "I think we are all right. I don't see in what we are spoiled. Of course, we have our faults, and I know I have mine, but I don't always mean what I say. I would not mind living in the country with the man I love."

"Oh, no! I don't say civilization has spoiled you, *ma chère*,—you are faultless."

It was the first time he addressed her as *ma chère*, and she seemed to take it as a matter of course. They thus sat for a long while, talking and joking about trivial matters, and were both in the best humor. Her fine, shapely, supple hand in an unaccountable way found itself suddenly in his. She had taken off the gloves before, to have more freedom in her movements, and her naked hand sent a thrill through his

whole body. She also experienced a similiar feeling, for he was a fine young man, and though he lacked the animality and brutal force to inflame the tender passions of such a woman as the American maid, whose ideas with regard to physical development were such as are generally entertained by many of her countrymen with whom a champion prize-fighter is a very popular and important person, yet Eugene could not be unpleasant to any woman,—and the strange land and poetic environments cast an enchanting spell on the young woman, so that with half-closed eyes, slightly inclined head and a voluptuous smile on her slightly parted red lips she remained sitting, letting him hold her hand and returning gently his grip.

The touch of her hand electrified him; he felt his heart beat painfully, his head throb, his face burning as on fire,—he was drunk, dizzy and suffocating with a burning desire to embrace this lovely form in his arms, to have her close to him. His strength failed him, he could struggle no longer against the unconquerable, terrible temptation, and, throwing his arms around her beautiful neck, imprinted a passionate kiss on her hot lips. She wrenched herself suddenly from his embrace, jumped up from her seat and said poutingly; “Please, stop that! I would never expect it from you, M. de St. Denis,” and she blushed furiously.

Now had he been versed in the ways of feminine warfare, or had he been determined in his purpose and of a stronger nature, he would have followed up her remonstrance—which was really very mild—by a fervent protestation of love and, if successful, by a

repetition of the osculatory procedure, and he might have succeeded very well, for she was then in the condition of a foe who is on the point of surrendering, if the adversary should make a vigorous, determined attack. But Eugene had never had any dealings with the fair sex before, and after he had been sobered by her reprimand, which he naively mistook for great anger and scorn, he thought he had committed a dishonorable act in thus taking advantage of a young lady, who had entrusted herself to his protection, and he therefore became confused, uttered a scarcely audible, foolish excuse, and looked very sheepish. He did not realize then that he lost his best chance with the maiden, who regarded him, and quite justly, as a fool who did not know how to make love.

Some maidens, and a great many of them are found in our free land, hate the bashful, timid, girlish man, but admire the dashing, bold kind of the genus; and if the latter are not always successful in their attempts with the tender sex, they at least get credit by the latter for their boldness and valor, whereas the timid, shrinking fellow is simply voted down by them as a fool.

It must not be understood, however, that St. Denis was a coward. On the contrary, he was morally and physically brave, but in this case his hesitation was due, as was said before, to conscientious scruples. First, he thought it rather cowardly to take advantage of a girl who was alone with him and whom he was in duty bound to protect. Secondly, he had not made up his mind whether or no he was right in giving vent

to his feelings which he had striven to hide even from himself, and, besides, was not even certain whether he *really* loved,—considerations which enter into the mind of the slow young man before he decides to lay real siege to a woman's heart, and which seem ridiculous to the dashing and fast kind whose motto is "Always go ahead."

Soon after the osculatory incident they gained the boat and went home, each of them more or less pre-occupied with thoughts, making only now and then brief remarks to each other on trivial subjects, and apparently ignoring altogether that incident. Near her house they parted quite friendly as usual, and he went away wondering what she thought of the matter, and whether she would forgive him for it.

He soon met her again, and she seemed to have forgotten the occurrence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LETTER

A FEW more weeks sped by, during which Eugene continued to see May, and she treated him as cordially as previously, as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile the time drew nigh for her departure, and the more he realized the fact that she was soon to part from him, perhaps for ever, the more uneasy he grew, and the less reconciled he became to the fact.

Had he been aware of the true state of her feelings toward him, he thought, he could have easily decided what to do. But this was the hardest problem for him to solve.

As the time for her departure approached, he imagined he could see she was getting rather pale and losing something of her former buoyancy.

"Yes, she loves me," would he say to himself, recalling a hundred and one incidents in their intercourse, which indicated to him plainly that she had a tender corner in her heart for him; and the idea of having gained the love of such a charming woman would fill him with ecstasy, and cause his whole being to throb with joy and excitement. Then another thought would suddenly cross his mind with a pang, "No, she hardly cares for me—why should she?"

What am I? An obscure little author, and she desires a better fate than to bind herself to me. She wants to shine in society, and how can she waste her life on me?" He would recall a hundred and one occurrences which he thought proved that she would not have him. "But suppose she loves me, have I the right to retreat now? Would it not be cowardly for me to do so? Would she not hate and curse me her whole life for the misery caused her?" would he think again.

He considered the kiss which he had given as a confession of his love and as a pledge of his honor, constancy and truthfulness, which pledge he was in duty bound to make good. He was thus unconsciously having recourse to the hypocrisy to which most of us resort in trying to cover our selfish impulses with high and noble motives. If the subject of Eugene's thoughts had been an old, ugly and dull maid he probably would not, with all his honor, have looked for noble motives to compel himself to fulfill his pledge.

Again, the thought would cross his mind that perhaps she would never forgive him the liberty he had taken with her, and he would greatly reproach himself for having been so weak and ungentlemanly in his behavior. Poor fellow! He had never kissed a woman before, except his mother or a relative, and was innocently ignorant of the fact that with many a young woman now-a-days an osculatory operation, provided it be performed by a fine young man, is not an unbearable calamity.

He was thus a prey to many conflicting thoughts and emotions, and spent many sleepless nights in roaming in the streets or in tossing on his bed, debating the subject within himself and not being able to reach any satisfactory conclusion.

Meanwhile the time had flown by till only a few days remained for her to stay in Paris, so he at last resolved to write her. After having begun a half-dozen letters and torn up as many he decided on the following one as the most satisfactory to himself:

“MA CHERE:

“It is impossible for me to refrain any longer from expressing to you my sentiments which I have tried to suppress within myself or at least to hide from you.

“Alas! I tremble at the thought that my feelings may not be reciprocated by you, for then life will be a dreary desert for me without a ray of hope and a gleam of happiness. Unfortunately or fortunately, that which I had not anticipated, but which I should have foreseen, has come to pass. But how could it have been otherwise? Can a human being be brought in contact with such loveliness and perfection and yet remain indifferent, untouched? No, a thousand times no!

“I see now that life without you is impossible for me. As the time for your departure approaches I feel the void that is being formed around me and within me. Not till now have I realized how dear you are to me, and that I love you with all the tenderness and ardor of which man is capable!

“The time comes in every man's life when he meets the woman who becomes either his angel or his satan. I have reached now such a critical condition.

It lies with you now either to become my guiding star, to fill me with supreme bliss, to elevate my soul and to inspire me to noble and great deeds, or to precipitate me to the hideous gulf of ruin and misery, to annihilate and crush my very existence and to make life for me a torture. Which shall it be? I await your answer with the greatest anxiety and trepidation.

“EUGENE.”

Having sealed and stamped the epistle, he carried it precautiously, as if his whole life depended on it, to the nearest letter-box. When about to post it, he paused for a while, examined again the address, hesitated a few seconds, then with a sudden movement he dropped it in the box. Immediately he was overcome by a desire to get it back, as he did not like some things he had written there, and besides he thought he was only making a fool of himself in sending a letter, as she most assuredly cared not for him. He looked under the lid of the box to see if his missive had not stuck there, so that he might withdraw it; but it was away on the bottom of the box, and he could not reach it. He then thought for a moment to apply to the post-office authorities to intercept the letter, but he soon gave up this idea as impracticable, and went home resigned to wait patiently for an answer.

CHAPTER XXV

THE ANSWER

MAY received the letter in the morning with her coffee, and, on recognizing the handwriting, understood, with a woman's intuition, what its purport was.

She read it over with an amused smile. "Quel drôle de bonhomme! Quel enfantillage!" thought she in French, with which tongue she was quite familiar.

"My friend, Mrs. Curtis, had told me it would come to that, but as I said then the more fool he. But let me read over again the letter." And she read it a second time.

"It is really childish and very droll," soliloquized she, this time in her vernacular. "The others, in my country, did the business personally, verbally, and he uses pen and ink. I will keep it as a souvenir of gay Paris," and so saying she folded up the epistle, replaced it in the envelope and continued sipping her coffee. Of course she was going to answer the letter, and she was thinking how to express it. As to the kind of answer, her mind had been made up already.

The only time that she experienced towards him feelings somewhat akin to love was when they were sitting together that afternoon in the grove, and it was

then due to the fact that she was rather romantically inclined, and as he was the only available man, he was the participant of these inclinations. Had he then made a vigorous attack on her heart, he might perhaps have succeeded, for he was by no means unpleasant to her, and as she was of a wilful, impulsive nature, she might, under the stress of the moment, have surrendered. She knew her father would never sanction such an attachment, for he desired her to marry a wealthy, influential man; but this was of secondary consideration with her, as the prospect of a struggle in order to gain her own point was not dreadful or even unwelcome to her aggressive, imperious temper. Had the disparity in their stations in life been much greater, she might have liked it better, for then it would have created a greater sensation in the American newspapers, and she would have been a great heroine, much spoken of. She knew of one millionaire's daughter who eloped with and married a coachman, another again ran off with an acrobat, and many other similar cases. Were not the papers full of them! And she imagined what the papers would say about her, the popular Miss Clayton, who was the belle of Newport for a few seasons! But she was afraid that if she should throw herself away on the little French poet, she might evoke only a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, and the whole thing would end there. Therefore, if a sentimental wave had momentarily swept over her while under the influence of a romantic spell in the woods, she quickly regained her senses as soon as they entered town, by the sight

of the grand mansions, the elegant equipages with the liveried footmen, and a thousand and one things which make up the life of the opulent and the powerful. All that was within her reach, and why and for what should she throw it away? Of course she had no animosity towards her French lover, for with her woman's insight she knew he loved her, even before he had declared it plainly, but she could consider him only as a fine, obliging young man and that was all.

Did her conscience reproach her perhaps for having received too many attentions from him and for having occasionally even flirted a little with him? Certainly not. All her friends and acquaintances have many gentlemen friends with whom they flirt and have a jolly time, and whom they throw overboard when the time comes. At first, when she thought about the kiss he stole from her, she felt a little indignant at his impudence, as she had not expected from him such boldness as from some of her gentlemen friends of a more aggressive temper, but it did not rankle in her maiden breast very much. She considered him a friend and how could it hurt her? She had a vivid recollection of the fine afternoons she and some of her friends of both sexes spent together in her house or in that of a friend. They would amuse themselves by singing and dancing till it got dark, when they loved to sit quietly in twos in different corners of the big, unlit room, the stillness being broken only occasionally by a stifled sound resembling a smack of the lips, and once a wag of their own company suddenly lit a

match, and they were all found in the queerest and funniest positions, which made them all laugh afterwards for weeks. Of course, young people must have fun, the world is not made to sit and mope in it. Men and women should associate freely, that will conduce to morality, and to happy marriages. Our fathers were old fashioned and slow, but we are so bright, so full of fun!

And when she remembered how sheepish he looked when she rebuked him for his temerity, she burst out laughing.

"The silly boy got so confused, he could not say a word," said she to herself in fits of laughter, and she stored the incident in a corner of her brain in order to communicate it to some of her bosom friends and to have a merry laugh over it.

Though she had her answer ready, she did not write immediately, first, to make him believe she had given his letter full consideration, and, secondly, she wished her answer should reach him when she was already away, as she wished to avoid a scene, in case, on receiving the unfavorable answer, he should take it into his silly head to come and plead with her personally.

On the eve of her departure, she wrote him the following letter which she did in fine, school-girl, handwriting, and according to all the rules laid down by a guide to letterwriting, which she studied under her wise teachers in her academy, and from which she memorized some portions for just such emergencies:

PARIS, 18—

“To M. de St. Denis,

“Rue St. Honoré, No.—

“MY DEAR SIR:

“Yours of the —inst. was duly received. I regret to say that I notice in your letter an expression of sentiments with regard to myself which are utterly unwarranted and for which I have not, as far as I am aware, given you any pretext. I have never thought of you otherwise than as a friend, and had no idea that you entertained towards me any feelings deeper than those of mere friendship.

“Much as I feel honored by what you write to me, I am sorry to say that I can offer you only feelings of friendship in return and to such you are welcome. I am exceedingly grateful to you for the pleasure afforded to me by your companionship and for your kindness in showing me around your charming city. If you should ever come to our city I shall be highly pleased and happy to repay you for your kindness. As in all probability this will reach you when I am already gone, not having had, to my great mortification, the time to write you earlier, I hereby bid you good-bye, and wishing you happiness and great success in your literary work, I am,

Yours very truly,

MAY CLAYTON.”

She had not mailed the answer till the following morning, a few hours before she left, for reasons already known to the reader.

Eugene meanwhile had neither tasted a morsel of food nor slept a wink. After he had mailed his letter in the evening he was rather disappointed that on the following morning the mail carrier did not bring him

an answer from her, though he could easily know that by that time she was just getting or perhaps reading his epistle. He was unable to do anything, was restless and had to be constantly on the go, in order to forget himself for a while. Whenever he saw a mail carrier his heart would give a sudden thump, and then almost stand still with anxiety and emotion; and when he would see there was nothing for him, he would resume again his aimless wanderings around the house, for he feared to go away lest a letter should come in his absence.

Two days passed, and no letter. "Will she answer?" wondered he. He thought of going to her personally, but restrained himself; then he imagined she was sick, perhaps dying, "for why does she not write?"

Finally the mail carrier handed him a letter. He glanced at it, and recognized her writing. He trembled with fear and anxiety. He staggered to his room and with shaking hands opened the envelope. He paused for a while before he mustered courage to read; he had evil forebodings at the sight of the missive. Finally he read it through—once, then a second and a third time. All color left his face, his heart stood still, and he remained petrified, not being able to realize clearly what had happened.

After awhile he became fully conscious of his position; tears welled up in his eyes, and he muttered to himself, "I am ruined for ever."

CHAPTER XXVI

A CANDIDATE

THE political campaign in New York and all over the United States was at its height.

Mr. Silverton had contributed a handsome sum to his party, and his son-in-law, Frederick Curtis, was nominated for Congress. Though there were many parties in the field the struggle was practically between two only, as the rest were too weak in numbers and in force to have any chance of success, and they put up their candidates simply as a matter of form.

An unsophisticated observer, not well versed in politics, could not easily determine wherein the chief contending parties differed, as their principles and platforms, with the exception of the difference in verbiage, and a few planks thrown in as a blind, were very similar. Yet the two parties abused each other so vehemently that to hear one side only, one might think that their rivals were the greatest blackguards and rascals in the world, and they themselves saints. It has been well said by some one that if one wants to find out about himself things of which he is not aware, let him run for an elective office in the United States. If the candidate ever made a statement or committed a peccadillo of which he thought

little and forgot about, he should not be surprised to find it reported in black and white in an antagonistic newspaper and the little mole transformed into a mountain. The history of his ancestors will be gone into in detail, and if his grandfather married a red-headed girl, or fell asleep in church while the parson was delivering a sermon on the missionary work among the Hottentots, he should not be surprised to hear himself called a descendant of a ruffianly, sacrilegious ancestor.

Curtis, who was a strong, energetic fellow, fought heroically and desperately for his election. He had prepared, at the beginning of the campaign, three speeches, the main ideas of which had been suggested to him from his party's headquarters—as a candidate need not trouble himself with original ideas, since the party tells him what he has to say and do—, but he added a few jokes, and a few rhetorical passages, and these he delivered—now the one, then the other, according to the audience—in ten different places, every evening, during the whole campaign. At the end he became hoarse and spoke in a whisper, and had the campaign lasted much longer, he would have lost his voice altogether.

His opponent was a very hard man to beat, and Curtis knew it. He was Curtis's inferior in physical strength and in education, but he had been in politics for many years, was supported by a strong organization which bore his name, and, above all, had a great reputation of being very kind-hearted and disposed to do favors to people. Indeed, he freely gave letters of

recommendation to those who wanted to get positions, and if his letters seldom procured a position for the applicant, it was not his fault; he took the trouble to tell his secretary to write the letter.

His kindness to women, especially the young and pretty ones, was remarkable. He was married and the father of a large family, and knowing from experience that it is no fun to be a woman, he lavished his affection on the tender sex, trying to help them in every way. If the lady was single, and pretty, knowing the difficulties a maiden encounters now-a-days till she finds her ideal, he would kindly offer himself as a victim to supply the want. If she was married, knowing again from experience how thorny is often the path of a husband, he would be willing to share with the unfortunate his onerous duties—with what success we cannot say.

No wonder, then, when they spoke of him in his district, they would say, "Oh, he is a very nice man, such a nice man!"

Curtis was still a novice in politics. Of course, it would not take him very long to learn the art of getting votes, but he had to serve his apprenticeship, and he therefore had a very hard fight during that election.

His office in the daytime was usually crowded by people who came to see him with regard to the election. Politicians, prospective voters, who came to see what he could do for them if they voted for him; reporters; spies from the rival party,—a motley crowd visited his office, as in the great Republic people flock to a man who may some day become powerful, and

still more so, of course, to the one who is already so. But few women had come to see him, as he had not yet been in a position to do for them anything politically.

One day when the time for the election was near, his office was crowded with visitors, and among them was a woman with an infant in her arms.

A woman with a babe is not an extraordinary apparition in New York, and yet in some cases she will attract much attention, and this was the case here. The woman was evidently yet young, though a few wrinkles on her forehead and the slightly drooping angles of the mouth denoted that her life had not been unalloyed with some grief. Her carriage was erect and her mien haughty and scornful. The occasional twitching of her facial muscles showed that she was laboring under some agitation. She was dressed in black, while her baby was wrapped in white and thus formed a marked contrast to the mother's attire. It was inclined to be cross and cried a great deal, as babies will very often at very inopportune moments, to our great annoyance. All this taken together naturally made the woman and her babe the centre of attraction, and caused those present to stare at them and to indulge in mental comments.

"A wire puller come to ask Curtis, in case he is elected, for a position for her husband," thought some.

"Wants probably the nominée for congress to intercede for husband, who was arrested for drunkenness," surmised others.

At last the door opened and Curtis, all flushed from

haste, as he was delayed at a conference with some politicians and came late, rushed into the waiting room.

On seeing the woman with the infant, who quickly got up as he entered, he turned deathly pale, and was rooted to the spot,—but only for a moment, for he soon recovered, and, advancing to the female visitor with a *sang-froid*, he said firmly: “If you want to see me, madam, please step into the office.”

The woman was evidently so agitated and excited, as could be seen by the change of color in her face from red to livid, and by the quiver which passed through her whole body, that she stood speechless, unable to give vent to her pent up emotions. After a few moments she somewhat regained her voice and said, trembling: “I find you at last; you will r——”

He gave her one of those determined, insolent looks of his, with which he cowed and unnerved a weaker opponent, and to which was in some measure due his success in contests with his mates. She was also greatly embarrassed by the fixed gaze of the many spectators and the cries of the babe, which suddenly began to yell, and therefore when he interrupted her by saying, “Well, madam, I can not stop to talk with you here, if you wish to say something step into my office,” she obeyed automatically and followed him to his private room, the door of which he carefully closed after them, and pointed to a chair at the remotest corner, lest their conversation should be overheard.

As soon as they disappeared in the other room, the spectators exchanged among themselves significant

glances. There were among them there a few reporters, two of them representatives of papers belonging to the rival party. They were wide awake, alert fellows, who needed not to have a story repeated to them twice, but could make up the whole from a part, and, when the occasion demanded, they drew freely on their imagination for the rest. In five minutes they had their story ready and in half an hour it was circulated in the evening papers, where under six head-lines, in two columns, which were said to be only provisional, promising more details in a larger instalment in the next number, it was described how the candidate had maltreated and deserted a woman with a half dozen children, and how in all probability more victims would soon appear, and that it all happened as the paper had predicted.

In the private office meanwhile the following took place between Curtis and the woman, who, as the reader must have guessed it, was no other than our old acquaintance, Barbara. She had been working all the time in a neighboring town, having left her baby with a nurse, but having learned from newspapers of the whereabouts and movements of Curtis, she came to confront him, and also brought the infant along.

"So, I find you at last, my fine gentleman," began she in a high pitched voice, "and you are running for Congress. A fine congressman you'll be!"

"Barbara, stop that ——"

"Stop, you say? Dog! Rascal! You will run away from your own child, and marry some one else!"

hissed she, giving free vent to the accumulated and pent up passions and hatred.

Curtis trembled in all his limbs; he felt like a prisoner before the bar of justice. He knew he was guilty. At another time, however, he might have been tempted to kick the woman out and take the consequences, but at this time of the election he was afraid of a scandal, and he therefore swallowed the insults, and, forgetting his pride had again, as he had already done once, recourse to conciliatory tactics, and after the woman had worked off a little her anger, he said:

“My dear Barbara, don’t judge me so cruelly before you have given me a chance to say a few words. There must have been some cruel mistake somewhere, for I wrote to you many times when you were in that institution, and never got an answer, then I went to see you myself, and they told me you were gone. I looked for you high and low but all in vain; then my parents began to threaten me with disowning me if I didn’t marry that woman, and I could not help myself and married, but my thoughts have always been about you, dearest, and about our sweet cherub.” So saying he took the babe in his arms and kissed it.

Barbara was taken by surprise, and was dumfounded at what he said. Instead of a culprit, he was himself a victim and one to be greatly pitied. Did she believe him? It is very hard for us to admit that we have been deceived and made fools of, and a woman who has given away her greatest treasure to a man is especially loath to admit that she had been imposed

upon, and will frequently excuse in her heart the scoundrel, though the evidence of his bad faith be overwhelming to the outside observers, and when the man offers a justification, the woman is very prone to accept it with very little analysis. Curtis was not more skilled in lying than the rest of mankind, but once one deceived a woman, one need not be a consummate liar to continue deceiving her, as it is so horrible for her to be disenchanted that she recoils before the truth, and lends herself to the deception.

“And I wrote to you many times and received no answer,” said she.

“My dear, I never received a word from you. Some cruel enemy must have intervened between us.”

After a few minutes' conversation they came to an understanding. He begged her for the sake of their child not to create any scandal now. He loved her and the child. Let her wait till after the election, when he will return to her and marry her as soon as he could get rid of his encumbrance.

What will not a woman do when her dear babe is in question? It was fatherless with an indelible stain on its birth, and here the man pledged himself to restore within the pale of respectable society both mother and child, and as a drowning person catches at a straw so does a woman in such a predicament catch at anything that affords a faint hope of relief from her wretchedness.

Barbara soon emerged, apparently appeased and satisfied. When she came to see Curtis she had no definite purpose in view. She wanted to see him, and

act according to circumstances. As it happened, she was temporarily reconciled. When she left, Curtis explained that it was a poor relative who insisted on help. The same mystical story appeared the following day in the papers of his party, to refute the statements made by the rival newspapers, and the former expatiated on the charitable propensities of the candidate, ending with a discourse on charity in general, and that of the candidate in particular.

CHAPTER XXVII

DEFEATED

IN about a week later the elections were over. There were festivities and cheers in the camp of the victors, and disappointments, broken hearts and gloom in the other camp. Curtis was in the latter. His adversary, the philanthropist, won the day, in spite of Curtis's most heroic efforts.

Our defeated hero had now lots of time to himself, and he could at leisure think over matters, as the conquered one is generously left alone, undisturbed. He illy brooked his defeat, having been accustomed to come out victorious in competitions with his fellow-men. He was taciturn, sullen and frequently very brusque in his answers. Having never possessed refined and polished manners, his address was not improved by his fiasco. This was so at home more than outside, and his better half felt it keenly. He had never had any great affection for her and now her silly prattle so annoyed him that he was almost brutal to her. That worthy lady was in her turn bitterly disappointed at her lord's failure to get a seat in the capital, as she had intended to keep house there in the event of his election,—which, by the way, she considered a sure thing,—and had proposed to

play a prominent rôle in the society of the capital, and now her plans were rudely shattered.

"Of course," she said to him one evening when he showed some impatience to her, "how could you expect to be elected? You are a man without manners, and very rude. Look at the other man, the successful rival, how nice and gentle he is, and how all speak well of him."

"He is not cursed with such a fool of a wife as mine," retorted he, like a wounded bull that is goaded on.

Whereupon that lady burst into hysterical tears and addressed a few uncomplimentary epithets to her lord and master, which provoked the latter to such an extent that he was about to strike his tender half, but restrained himself and burst forth from the room.

He walked a long while in the streets, smarting under his wife's cruel stings, which added fuel to the fire that had already been consuming him because of his defeat and humiliation. It is precisely under such circumstances that a wise and sympathetic woman becomes a ministering angel by her sweetness and gentle tact, restoring the courage and the spirits of her crest-fallen sterner half.

Curtis was not given to great sentimentality, and had not expected, nor in fact greatly desired, too affectionate effusions on the part of his spouse; but under the circumstances he felt vaguely that something was lacking in her, and her heartless remarks calculated just to sting him to the quick at a time when he needed sympathy, filled him with rage and completely demoralized him. He belonged to that class of people who are full

of brute force and courage, but lack the moral element to sustain them when they meet with reverses. They are highly egoistic, pursuing inflexibly their selfish aims, and are unscrupulous enough to remove anything and anybody in their way, but when their plans are thwarted they become utterly demoralized and discouraged, and are even apt to shed tears like babies, as is frequently instanced in the case of some prize-fighters, who, after having humbled many opponents and gloated over their downfall, when their own turn comes to bite the dust, break down completely and cry like weak women and children. Under these conditions such people seek forgetfulness—some in self-destruction and others in intoxication.

Curtis was too young and full of life, and his bitter cup not so full yet as to resort to the former alternative. He was too proud to have recourse to the oblivion to be found in cups, as the mere idea of lying helpless in a gutter was extremely repulsive to him. But his suffering was intense, and he needed some sort of an intoxicant to deaden his sensibilities, and Barbara came to his mind. He had passed with her moments during which he had been oblivious to the whole world, and he would try the same thing again. Besides, he had promised to see her, and had to call on her anyhow, for otherwise she might seek *him* out again.

It was already past nine in the evening when he rapped at her door in a flat house, on the West Side.

She had not expected any caller, and was about to retire. She was scantily attired. She slightly opened the door, protruding only the upper part of the face and

hiding the rest behind the door, and asked who it was.

"It is me, Curtis. Please let me in, I want to speak to you," and before she had time to answer, he squeezed himself in.

"How dare you come to me at such an hour!" exclaimed she half angrily, covering her fine bosom with her hands.

The room was only partly lit, and as she stood before him, her white form vaguely delineated against the semi-dark background, thus hiding any blemishes which might appear in glaring light, she seemed to him prettier than ever.

Indeed she had not changed for the worse. Her suffering imparted a melancholy air to her countenance and a deep, pensive look to her eyes, which lent charm to her former beauty of a simple working girl.

"Barbara," said he, "let us not stand on ceremony. I came to you because I love you, and I need you, and I will not abandon you again."

He said this passionately and impulsively and was earnest at that moment.

"You lost at the election," remarked she, having read of it in the papers.

"Yes, I lost, and my wife is cold and apathetic and can only irritate me. Oh, why was I not allowed by my folks to marry you. I would be the happiest man in the world."

CHAPTER XXVIII

REUNIONS

WHEN Curtis returned home late after midnight, his better half had already retired. On the next day he noticed that she was busying herself packing up some of her belongings.

He did not cherish the thought of a total rupture with her at that juncture, for he was left greatly dependent on her fortune, which Papa Silverton, in a businesslike manner, took good care to secure in her name, for just such emergencies. He was forced again to curb his pride and make overtures to her also.

She at first ignored him altogether, but he pleaded, excused himself on the ground of having been deeply wounded by her remarks, said the whole world had turned against him, and that her words so incensed him that he lost his reason and was not responsible for his actions. She at last relented towards him and they spent most of the day together, trying hopelessly to render sprightly and interesting the dull and lagging colloquy.

In the evening he visited for a while his club and returned home early, not having gone to Barbara, as he wished to spend the time with his irritable spouse, to complete the reconciliation. But unfortunately a friend

happened to drop in and the subject of the past election was broached again.

“In order to be elected one needs to get in with the boys of one’s district,” remarked the friend, a practical fellow. “Of course, one can shake them off as soon as he has attained his aim, but at first you can not do without it.”

“That’s what I have told Fred right along,” remarked his wise better half, “but instead of minding me he dislikes to hear of such things.”

This nearly precipitated another row between the pair, as he could hardly withstand such an unjust thrust at his sociability. As if he had not done everything in his power to gain over the boys on his side! As if he had been a recluse, he who had been so popular at college!

“It is nonsensical talk,” retorted he angrily. “I lost because our party lost, and because I have not been long enough in the district for the boys to know me. Just wait another year or two and you’ll see.”

During the remainder of the evening he was sullen and she peevish, and they retired early. Next day he returned home late, and after supper went to his club and thence to Barbara, returning home late in the night, and explaining to his spouse, who was lying awake awaiting him, that he was busy with his practice and politics. Subsequently, Curtis divided the time between his mistress and his clubs, coming home late and offering as an excuse his multifarious affairs, legal and political. In this way he spent several weeks. Near Christmas his hopes revived; he was slated by his party

for a position as an Assistant District Attorney, a thing quite in his line, and which he thought of using as a stepping-stone for something better.

On New Year's Day his appointment was formally announced, and he soon entered on his duties and became at once a busy man. What with his official duties, his private practice, which greatly increased with his appointment to the public position, and the many clubs, political and social, which he joined to become "popular," he had really very little time to spare.

By this time May Clayton arrived home, and Mrs. Curtis was as overjoyed to meet her again as she was in Paris. May proved a boon to that worthy lady, as she could pour into the ears of her young friend all her conjugal woes, though a more tactful woman might have hesitated to speak of such things to a young lady enjoying single blessedness; but besides that she considered May a very superior person, before whom one could unburden the heart, she also wished at the same time to impart to her young friend her matrimonial experience as a warning against imprudent marriages.

"Listen to my advice, May, don't marry at all, or if you do marry don't get a sport."

Which piece of good advice May would accept with one of her characteristic winning smiles, without saying anything.

"So the little poet fell in love with you, as I had predicted?" said Mrs. Curtis, when she had been told by her friend of the result of the flirtation at Paris: "well, well, I do not wonder, but I think he is a nice

fellow. At least I think he would be true to his wife and not stay away the whole night."

"There are more fish to be caught in the sea," replied the other.

The two friends thus spent a good deal of time together and this caused Mrs. Curtis very often to forget the absence of her lord.

Curtis's visits to Barbara also became shorter and less frequent the busier he got.

His passion towards her having been simply of the sensual kind, devoid of ennobling moral and intellectual elements; he was intoxicated while it lasted, but very soon a reaction set in, which caused a sense of depression, and sometimes of disgust, to creep over him, making him still more wretched, as is the case after a debauch, when one has abused the natural requirements of the grosser senses by indulging in excesses.

His appointment came to him just in time to save him from complete bestiality. His excessive animal spirit found an outlet in the mental and physical exertion in connection with his new duties and affairs. He offered pressure of business as an excuse to Barbara as well as to his spouse.

CHAPTER XXIX

CURTIS'S NEW LOVE

CURTIS had frequent occasions to meet Judge Clayton, both in connection with his official duties and in clubs, and the two took a liking to each other, and became chummy despite the disparity in their ages.

They both had some traits in common. The old Judge was a connoisseur of wine, women and horse-racing as well as prize-fighting, and Curtis, though still young, yet entered such a fine, practical school that with his training and abilities he was learning very fast, and gaining rapidly on his elders and superiors in vice and blackguardism. In school and college he was trained by great teachers in the principles of moral corruption—to compete with and outdo his weaker fellows, to cheat his fellow men in legal cases, to take every possible advantage of his adversary, even if he happens to be a friend, etc., and all he had to do now was to apply these fine principles to practical life, and he did it with great credit to himself and his teachers. He would very often call at Clayton's house, on business or socially, and for the sake of formality would occasionally call with Mrs. Curtis of an evening when May gave a reception. Sometimes he would call and find the Judge out, when he

would idle away the time in talking with May, when she was home, while waiting for her father's arrival.

In six months after he had entered public life, Curtis changed marvelously. His coming in contact with life in various phases broadened his knowledge of mankind and the world, his conversational powers increased, and he acquired the superficial polish and gloss of the man of the world.

Before he began visiting Clayton's house May had not exchanged with him more than a few words, either because she seldom had met him alone, or because she had found no interest in talking to her friend's husband, or for any other reason, she could not have told herself. Now she found him quite interesting. On the other hand, he could not have explained, either, why he had spoken to her so little before. Now he found her brisk talk and spicy repartee quite charming and to his taste, used as he was to such things in his wrangles with his legal brethren, and coming from the bewitching mouth of a beautiful maiden it was doubly charming. When summer came the Claytons and the Curtises had their country residences not far from each other, and very often would Curtis be seen on the verandah talking with May.

Mrs. Curtis, who was neglected by her lord as before, could not view his assiduity near her friend without a tinge of jealousy. She also noted, or thought so at least, that May was spending with her less time than before, and the more she thought of the matter, the more did she become a prey to the demon of suspicion and jealousy.

She became cold and reserved towards her friend, a change which May noticed and wondered at.

When they came back to New York, the relations of the two became still more strained. May finally decided to ask for an explanation, as she could not account for her friend's demeanor, not being aware of having done anything to offend her.

"I notice there is a change in you, Clara, towards me. I would like to know if I have done anything to offend you," said she one day to her friend, when they happened to be alone.

"Oh, there is nothing the matter," answered the other, coldly.

"But this cannot be. I know you are not the same to me as you used to be, and if I have offended you I would like to know it."

"No, you did not offend me, only I don't believe any more in friendship. I think the whole world is false," answered Clara with a far away, melancholy look in her light gray eyes.

"May I ask you how I have proven myself false to you?" the young woman asked somewhat angrily.

"In nothing," replied the other gloomily.

"I see you are suffering terribly, Clara; don't hide it from your best friend."

"Who tries to alienate the affection of her best friend's husband," popped out Clara sarcastically, having read the expression recently in a newspaper, and having retained it well in mind.

May turned deadly pale.

"What?" gasped she. "Do you mean to say that?"

Oh, forgive me!" cried out Mrs. Curtis hysterically. "Forgive me, I don't know what I am talking. I am suffering so much that I am afraid I'll lose my reason," and thereupon she burst out in tears.

May forgot the terrible insult at the sight of her friend's intense suffering, and embracing her tenderly, they sat long together, Clara pouring into her friend's ears her anguish at the way she was treated by her husband, the more so that she was soon to become a mother.

When Curtis called next time on the Claytons, May responded to his greetings and, after the exchange of a few civilities, excused herself on the ground of having something pressing to do, and withdrew to her apartment.

She did the same several times in succession. One evening, after that, he and Mrs. Curtis called together, but May somehow or other found much to do and had little time to devote to listening to his stories.

He was convinced at last that she was avoiding him, and one day, when on calling and finding her alone she excused herself and was about to withdraw, he said: "I notice with great regret that of late you are studiously trying to avoid me. May I ask you whether I have been guilty of any ungentlemanly conduct?"

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Curtis. I am simply too busy, and cannot afford to waste time in talking."

"You cannot deceive a lawyer in this way, Miss Clayton. I know there is something the matter. You must tell me what it is."

"I must? There is no must about it. I won't and that's all," said she, defiantly.

"Then I'll tell you what it is," he said with his usual audacity, with which he succeeded so well in many instances; "it is because you are afraid of me and of yourself, and you wish to stop while there is yet time."

He knew not what the real cause was, but he surmised that she would resent such an imputation and would involuntarily reveal the true cause of her changed attitude towards him, and he hit the mark.

"You are conceited beyond limit, sir," flashed she in return. "You have a wife upon whom to bestow your attention, and you'll soon be a father, too, and for the sake of this poor wife and mother whose heart you are breaking I don't care to speak any more to her scapegrace of a husband."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clayton, for having made such a remark. It was only a lawyer's ruse to gain the point, and now I have it. So it is for the sake of my wife and future child that you avoid me, and she must have asked you to do that. Is it your opinion that a man must be attached to the apron-strings of his wife and be prohibited from speaking a few friendly words with another woman?"

"I have not made up an opinion on this subject," replied May, "but I don't want to cause any pain to my best friend."

Whether May wished to do a good turn to her friend in saying what she did, or did it simply to clear herself from Curtis's imputation that she was afraid of him, or whether perhaps she was smarting under her friend's accusation of trying to alienate her husband's affections, and said what she did from motives not entirely

above reproach, we are not in a position to judge with certainty, not claiming the ability to penetrate into the deepest recesses of the human mind, or as another novelist would say, the heart, that organ having the reputation in novels of a great mischief maker and to possess properties said by the physiologists to belong properly to the brain.

In fact, May herself might perhaps have been unable to define accurately her own feelings. But certain it is, that the conversation took a very dangerous turn, for once a couple who had found pleasure in each other's company touch on such a delicate subject, the ice is broken, and the way is prepared to bring about the very state which it was desired to avoid. This gave Curtis a good opening to make some explanations on his part, of which he availed himself, like a good lawyer that he was.

"Miss Clayton, I consider you a friend, and I would be very sorry to lose your friendship. You heard one side, and I think it but just to give a hearing to the other side. I am made wretched by my wife's petty jealousies and constant nagging; as in our case, for instance, she takes ill a harmless friendship, and shall we turn our backs on each other simply on account of a capricious whim of a jealous woman? I am the most unfortunate person in the world—my wife and I simply can not get along together. Our characters are incompatible."

"Why did you marry then?" queried May.

"Why did I? The answer is just as simple as the question, 'Because I did.' Why are we doing silly

things right along? Why do people commit crimes for which they pay with their lives? Because we do, and that's all we know about it. Sometimes we think we are doing the right thing, when it is really wrong, and sometimes we do it irrespective of right or wrong and of the consequences. I can not tell you precisely what I thought when I married her. All I know is that I did it, and am wretched."

"Had you not known each other long before you married?"

"Yes, we did, but as you see it does no good. I am sure I could get along with a smart person. I am sure one would have no trouble to get along well with such a woman as you. I am experienced now, and know what kind of a woman a man can get along with."

"Really the more I think of it, and the more I know her, I see that she is indeed not very bright, poor Clara," her dearest friend thought to herself. And aloud she said: "Oh, never fear for that. No man will have trouble to get along with me, because no man will have me."

"Say not that, Miss Clayton. I know men who would only be too happy, and one man who would die for you."

Miss Clayton did not take the trouble to inquire who it was who was ready to die for her. Perhaps she understood to whom Curtis alluded.

"All the men I rejected told me they were ready to die for me, but I know men say so till they get

us, and then they say they are ready to die because they got us. One man, however, a little French poet, never told me he would die for me, and I believe he was more in earnest than the rest of them."

"May I ask you, then, why the little Frenchman failed in his suit?"

"Because good will and good faith alone are not enough to live on."

"That's right. I believe in giving to the woman you love all the luxuries money can buy. Otherwise a man has no right to marry."

Judge Clayton just then returned home, and the conversation between the pair came to an end.

CHAPTER XXX

EUGENE'S DEPARTURE

It is said that one stroke of good fortune brings another one and the same with misfortune. The latter happened to Eugene de St. Denis who, as the reader must know, was alluded to by May and Curtis as the little Frenchman in their conversation reported in the last chapter.

It very often occurs that the person spoken of suddenly and unexpectedly appears before the speakers, to their great surprise, and so it occurred in this case that Eugene, owing to circumstances to be told immediately, soon came to America and made his appearance before those who had referred to him.

It is superfluous to describe Eugene's condition after he had received May's refusal.

He was of the opinion that one has no moral right to put an end to his life, that it would denote great egoism and shallow-mindedness wantonly to destroy this wonderful mechanism, the human organism, because of a selfish disappointment in love, as if the cadres of life were so narrow that there was nothing else left to live for. No one has fathomed yet the mysteries of life, no one can, and no one will, and Eugene thought that one has no more right to crush

violently one's existence than that of a fellow-being. All he could do therefore was to bear in silence his suffering. But as bad luck wished it, another disaster soon occurred, to fill his bitter cup of misfortune to overflowing.

A financial crisis swept over France, one of those cyclones which now and then rush over a country, taking its victims by surprise, unawares, engulfing the little fortunes of the small investors, and leaving desolation, famine and death in its wake. Eugene's little fortune was swept away among many others, and penury was added to his mental pangs, which made his misery complete. To continue his literary work under such conditions was, of course, out of the question. His health began to fail, and it was impossible for him to stay indoors, as his suffering was thereby increased. It was deemed advisable for him to seek a physical occupation, both to forget in hard work his sorrows and to strengthen his body, by earning a livelihood for himself and mother, and after some consideration he resolved to come and try his luck in the United States, the country of opportunities, where so many ruined and miserable people retrieve their fortunes.

He consulted with Mr. Remington, who could give him valuable advice on this matter. The Remingtons, by the way, were aware of their young friend's unfortunate love, but forbore alluding to it from feelings of delicacy.

"Yes, the United States is really a country of opportunities for some," Mr. Remington said, "but

in order to succeed you must know how to proceed. If you are practical, with a strong will, aided by a strong fist, you can push your way through.

"If you have some shrewdness and are a hustler, knowing how to advertise yourself and to take advantage of the blunders of your competitors you can succeed in business very well. You will meet there with many people who had come penniless and in a few years made colossal fortunes. If you have the knack to make friends with all kinds of people, to shake their hands, and to be prodigal in your promises, which you need not necessarily keep, you can make a success in politics.

"If you choose for yourself a profession and are able to make yourself known in a sleek way so as not to transgress professional ethics, and yet have your name constantly before the public, in print or otherwise, you can succeed in that line. You will also find a great many exceptions. But you can learn more for yourself on the spot.

"I left the United States so long ago that things may have changed a good deal for the better or the worse, for the Americans are quick to learn, and in a decade will accomplish what will take Europe a whole century."

"I will try to do everything consistent with integrity," said our young friend, "and if I fail I will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I followed the bent of my conscience."

Very soon he took leave of his kin and friends and set out for the New World.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE COLD SHOULDER

WITH the introduction of steam and electricity the journey from Paris to New York is an ordinary matter, and is devoid of the stirring events which occurred in the olden times when to traverse the Atlantic was quite a heroic feat. The casualties on the ocean now-a-days are not greater, if they are not less, than on the railroads.

Eugene arrived safely in New York and put up in a hotel befitting his means. He brought letters from Mr. Remington to Justice Clayton, recommending the young man highly, and requesting his Honor to do for him all he could. Eugene hesitated at first about delivering the letters to the Judge, as the idea of coming to May's house for a favor was odious to him. But at last he decided to call, if only to fulfil his duty in delivering the messages sent by his best friends, and incidentally also to show his cruel deceiver that he bore her no malice, and one afternoon he bent his steps towards the Claytons' residence, which he found without difficulty.

He rang the bell, and after awhile a maid opened the door and asked what he wanted.

He thought it best to present himself first to May, and, accordingly, asked if that lady could be seen.

The servant surveyed him from head to foot, noted that he had not come in a carriage, as there was none near, hesitated awhile, and then said, "Your name, please?"

Eugene handed her his card, which she examined without apparently being able to gain any information from it, but she invited him to wait a while in the vestibule, and disappeared. Soon she reappeared again, requested him to follow her, and led the way to what Eugene called a *salon*, or drawing room, and bidding him to wait a while, as the lady would soon see him, she retired.

May took her time in coming down. She was disagreeably surprised when the maid handed her Eugene's card. She had not seen him or heard of him for about ten months, since she left Paris. Her father who knew nothing of the matter, was at home then, and Curtis, who came in to discuss some affairs was also there, and she feared a scene which the ardent and impudent French lover might create. Nothing daunted, however, she decided to admit him, but took her time in preparing and studying herself.

The time seemed very long to the waiting Eugene, and he employed it in examining the room. He noted a few small oil-paintings by painters unknown to him, a few family portraits, one of a man who in features resembled May, and he guessed it was her father. He noted the strong and stern cast of countenance, and lost all hope of obtaining any favors from that man. A few statuettes completed the collection of works of art. But the furniture was costly and

sumptuous. Rich carpets and Persian rugs everywhere—in the hall, in all the rooms that he could see, and in the drawing room itself, and he was wondering at the violation of all the rules of hygiene as well as at the bad taste. A parqueted floor, he thought, was much healthier and nicer.

After he had observed the house, his thoughts reverted to the inmates. He waited for May without any great trepidation or excitement. He loved her still, though he was satisfied that she was unworthy of his love; but he also knew that it was a hopeless case for him, especially in his present circumstances, and he was resigned to his fate, and awaited her coming coolly, like a criminal condemned to die, beyond any hope of a respite, who becomes reconciled to his fate, and awaits calmly the appearance of his executioners.

Finally a rustle of silk, a quick step which he well knew, warned him of her approach, and before he had time to rise she was in the room. She was dressed in a dark silk gown, and was physically as charming as ever, the dark dress setting off her fine, rosy complexion and beautiful auburn hair to great advantage. She stood before him at a little distance, gazed at him for a while with a half-smiling, half-quizzical look, and, forgetting to shake hands with him, said:

“How do you, M. de St. Denis? You are quite an unexpected visitor here.”

“And I am afraid not very welcome either,” said he rather sarcastically.

"Oh no, don't say that," answered she hypocritically, "I owe you so much for your kindness to me in Paris that I am glad of the opportunity to be able to express to you my thanks."

Then she inquired of him about the Remingtons and a few more mutual acquaintances in Paris.

"May I ask you whether you will make a long stay with us?" asked she.

"I came with the intention of making your country my permanent home, if possible."

May received this piece of information with a wry face.

"Oh, I thought you were so much in love with your gay capital that you would not part with it. But, I hope you will find America just as good, if not better, than your country," she said with a patronizing air.

"I hope so," answered he. "I wish to make my way here, and I brought some letters to your father. He can probably do something for me."

May's face became longer still. She did not relish the idea of his asking favors from her father. She was sorry that she had had anything to do with a man who came now as a pauper.

"My father is at home now, and I can take you to him," said she, and with this she bade him follow her, and took him up-stairs to her father's room.

The old Judge was sitting luxuriously, with his head leaned backward, in an arm chair, in front of a little desk at the side of which sat Curtis; they were

both smoking cigars and were interrupted in a conversation.

When Eugene looked at his Honor he was not greatly encouraged. He saw before him a strong, determined face,—the one on the portrait, but the live one was much older and had large semi-circles of adipose tissue under the eye-lids. At the entrance of the visitors, the Judge slightly turned his head.

“My father—M. de St. Denis,” said she. “And this is Mr. Curtis—Oh, I am sure you know him,” added she.

The Justice glanced at Eugene with the indifference with which he was wont to do at the petty felons brought before his bar. His Honor knew the names of the influential and powerful. The young man’s name, which he did not even catch well, was not familiar to him, and, consequently, the person introduced could not be of any consequence.

“What does the gentleman want?” he asked of his daughter, who was standing at some distance, leaning against a chair.

“Father, the gentleman comes from Paris, and brings letters to you from the Remingtons.”

On hearing this, the Judge became more affable, as he thought it might perhaps be some rich nobleman’s son visiting the United States.

“Sit down, please—what is your name? I beg pardon.”—“Eugene de St. Denis, father,” helped him his daughter.

“Oh, yes, M. de St. Denis (with the accent on the

first syllable); sit down, please. Do you propose to honor us with a long visit?"

"I intend to remain here permanently, if it is possible."

"Oh, yes, you will find this a very good country to live in."

Then he asked for news from the Remingtons, and Eugene handed him the letters.

"That man Remington lost his best opportunities by his foolish desire to live abroad," he remarked to his audience as he took the letters.

Eugene watched him read and noticed that the Justice made a wry face when he reached some parts. Curtis meanwhile fixed on Eugene his insolent and impudent gaze, and hardly exchanged with him a few words. He could not forgive the Frenchman for his presumption in falling in love with May, and as the foreigner could do nothing for him, not even cast a vote at the approaching election, he had no use for him, and left him severely alone.

When the Judge had finished reading, he thus addressed Eugene: "Young man, I am exceedingly sorry for your misfortune, but as you are not a citizen of the United States, I don't see what I can do for you. As I understand from the letter you write poetry. I am sorry to say that this will not enable you to earn a livelihood, and you will have to look for work. This is a democratic country, and none ought to be ashamed to work. Some of our Presidents performed manual labor when young. If you may need any reference, call on me, and you will

get that," and having intimated with a slight shake of the head that the interview was at an end, he took up the interrupted conversation with Curtis, ignoring the stranger entirely.

May, who was present all the time, then said to Eugene: "I thank you very much for your visit, and for the news you brought us from my kind uncle and aunt in Paris. I am really sorry that it is getting late, and my presence is needed down-stairs. I hope you will excuse me, won't you?" and with this she bowed herself out.

Eugene left the house with a curse on his lips, the first in his young but blighted life.

CHAPTER XXXII

DEATH OF MRS. CURTIS

OVER a year passed since Eugene's visit to the Claytons, and many important events transpired in the life of the Curtises, which also affected May Clayton.

Mrs. Curtis's hopes or fears of becoming a mother had not been realized on account of an accident that had caused premature birth and left her in very ill health as a consequence. She was naturally more peevish than before and Curtis took greater care to stay at home as little as possible.

During that year he had made himself conspicuous in his district and party, became a prominent man politically, and when the elections came, he was put up for the office of District-Attorney.

Of course, it goes without saying that a handsome contribution had been made to his party, for one must pay liberally for being nominated for an office. During the campaign he worked as hard as he had two years previously for his congressional seat, but this time he was no longer a novice, but an experienced hand. He had formed a club, which bore his name, and he marched at the head of his club in the streets,

with a lavish display of banners, fireworks, amid the beating of drums, the shouting of sympathizers, and all the noise and bluff calculated to impress the prospective voters to make them cast their votes for him.

After the elections Curtis found himself this time the victor, and his unbounded joy and happiness, which found vent in feasting, with a copious flow of champagne and beer, defies all description.

Shortly after the elections, poor Clara, who had been ailing for a long while, rendered her soul to Heaven.

Her tender spouse, who thus so soon had been freed from his peevish, capricious helpmeet, mourned for her, as it behooves a devoted husband to do—for a while—and after having received the condolences and sympathies of friends and foes, he soon got over his terrible bereavement and entered life again under the brightest auspices. Indeed he seemed to be under the influence of his lucky star.

There remained, however, one thing to mar his happiness—and that was Barbara. This woman was to his mind what a cancer is to the body. He was afraid to rid himself of her lest the operation might prove too dangerous to his welfare, and, on the other hand, he felt that a crisis was imminent. After his defeat two years previously, he had spent much time with her, and she became the mother of a second child, but as his love was not of the noble kind, he soon reached the point of satiety, and when he became an important personage and his company was sought for by high and by low, he became heartily tired of the

woman, who was hanging like a millstone on his neck.

While he had an eye on the District-Attorneyship, no sooner would the thought of breaking off with Barbara come to his mind than he would discard it as detrimental to his beloved plans. He knew that she was not a woman who would meekly submit to be thrown overboard. The affair would most assuredly cause a scandal, as it was sufficient that only one reporter should get an inkling of it, and it would be bruited all over, which would seriously endanger his future political career.

Curtis, therefore, had considered it best to bide his time. But now, when he was elected to the coveted office, he began seriously to devise ways and means to rid himself of his burden, the more so that his attachment to May Clayton had ripened into love. That young lady had not met her ideal outside of Curtis, and for all intents and purposes he was as good a match as any.

May was precisely the woman that could attach to herself a man like Curtis. In reality he had never loved before, because for Barbara he had only felt a temporary desire, and for his defunct wife he had never had any great affection. He cared for May because she was beautiful, spirited, and with a will of her own, and had not committed the fatal mistake of showing herself too eager to receive his attention, and as in Barbara's case, he found great satisfaction in conquering such a woman as May, with the difference that he had never entertained any honorable intentions

with regard to the former, whereas with regard to May he thought she would be a partner worthy to share his life in matrimonial bliss.

His previous marital failure did not discourage him, because he thought that he and Clara had been ill-mated, which would not be the case with the bright and accomplished May.

As to that young lady, as nothing very great had turned up all these years, and as she had no great inclination to become an old maid, seeing that nearly all of her friends had already married, she placed her ideal of her future husband a few degrees lower, and considered the young District-Attorney, full of bright future promises, as good a man as any of those who married some of her friends. After the death of Mrs. Curtis it was an open secret among the friends of May and the widower that the engagement between the pair would be announced ere long.

In this connection we might as well report the rumor that had been afloat to the effect that Mrs. Curtis, on her death-bed, requested particularly that she might have a few minutes private conversation with her dearest friend May, and when the latter left the room of the moribund, she was seen to be extremely agitated, and shuddering all over her body, and subsequently she avoided Curtis for a long while. The nurse who overheard fragments of the conversation, it is said, told some of her friends, under the seal of secrecy, the following story: "May," said Clara in a feeble, hoarse voice, "I know my end is near, and I die from a broken heart, and may the

Almighty forgive you for coming between me and him”

Whereupon May burst into hysterical tears and clasping her friend's clammy cold hands, exclaimed: “Don't, Clara! for God's sake, don't speak so! You will soon have to stand judgment before Him, and don't sin by calumniating an innocent person who never did any harm to you.”

“May, I don't accuse you. God knows I want to part forgiving all. Besides, you are not to blame; if not you somebody else but that is not the point. I as a friend wish to warn you I die of a broken heart Don't marry a man so cruel broke my hear”

The dying woman's utterances here became indistinct, and she soon lapsed into unconsciousness, and May, trembling in every limb, pale as death, left the death chamber, and on reaching another room, fell in a faint on a couch, but was soon brought to herself by the nurse. Though May was not superstitious, yet the parting words of the dying, for some reason or another, make even on the skeptical a more lasting impression than the words of the living, and she accordingly avoided Curtis for a long while. But rumor further had it, that Curtis as an able lawyer proved to May that his better half had not been fully conscious when she had last spoken to her, and that the physicians in attendance gave the cause of death as being kidney trouble, not heart disease, and that it would be indeed preposterous for a bright and cultured person

to be influenced by the incoherent remarks of a dying woman, who at best, even when in good health, was weak-minded; and May at last came to look upon the matter in the same light.

And so as we said before fortune smiled on Curtis, with the exception of the troublesome Barbara. For one reason or another, perhaps she had not read the newspapers when it occurred or overlooked it, she had not been aware of Mrs. Curtis's death, and he certainly did not care to inform her of it; but he knew that sooner or later she would learn of it, and demand of him to redeem his promise.

Were it not for May, now that he had been elected to the coveted office, he would think of offering to settle with Barbara by providing handsomely for herself and children, on condition that she should release him altogether, and if she should demur to it and create a scandal, he might take his chances of a rupture, for, in the first place, he might deny her allegations of his paternity, and should some incredulous persons be inclined to doubt his words, by the next election the thing might be wholly forgotten, and meanwhile he would do his best to ingratiate himself into popular favor. But he was afraid that if this business should find its way in the newspapers it might turn May against him, and he might lose her, for he knew that as long as a man can cover the traces of the wild-oats that he had sown, a modern woman cares not very much, but when they creep out in the light she can not forgive it. May did not mind much his previous marriage, for it was according to the rules of society,

and besides he had told her he had not loved his spouse, so that all his affection would fall to her part; but he knew she would not have him if she should learn of another claimant to his affection. After turning over the question on all sides he thought it best to let matters run their natural course, and to meet exigencies as they arise. Meanwhile he might marry May without hindrance from Barbara, and then he could adopt drastic measures towards the latter, if it should be necessary, and once wedded, May, for her own sake, thought he, would discredit Barbara's assertions.

CHAPTER XXXIII

MR. THOMAS BUCK

LET us now for awhile leave Curtis with his laudable ambitions and return two years back to throw a retro-glance at some persons directly or remotely connected with our story.

Karl Schmalzkopf who disappeared from these pages after he had saved Barbara from a watery grave, had by that time, owing to a fortuitous circumstance, such as now and then occur in our lives, met with an acquaintance who wrought a great change in his moral and intellectual existence. The name of that person was Thomas Buck, who by that time had come to board in the same house with Karl, and seeing the latter dejected and evidently suffering terribly, engaged him in conversation, and the two became fast friends in a short time.

Let us introduce this new and tardy acquaintance to the reader.

Thomas Buck was born of poor parents in one of the New England States, on a farm, on which he worked, without receiving any schooling worth speaking of, till the age of fifteen; but he had an innate desire for books and an aptitude for study, and seeing that the facilities for it on a farm were lacking, he

moved to the city, took up the trade of a shoe-maker, and while working in the day time, spent his evenings with books.

When Karl first met him in the boarding house, he was past middle age, tall and slim, with slightly stooping shoulders, had a rather sallow complexion, light hair slightly streaked with gray, with eyes of the same color, in which there was a far away, pensive look when in repose, but which became animated and bright when he spoke of something dear to him.

His countenance expressed benevolence and sympathy. When he smiled it was not the affected, hypocritical smile of the society man, or the impudent leer and grin of the tough, but an honest smile of good nature and sympathy. His was a countenance with which a belle would not fall in love, but which she might like to have near her to solace her broken heart when disappointed in the love of a society beau. The aim and ambition in life of this simple shoe-maker was to do good and to improve the morals of his fellow-men, which he tried to do in a modest, quiet way. He taught the gospel of unselfishness, and he condensed the wisdom of the Old and the New Testament, as well as the volumes of altruistic philosophy into the simple sentence, "Don't be selfish."

He wrote a book and several treatises on moral philosophy, which the scientists did not care to read, because they thought them not scientific enough, as the author's name was without a tail, such as "professor," in such and such a university, or den of dunces, as it was called by William Cobbet; the clergy-

men thought them not sufficiently religious, because they did not mention the name of the Almighty in every line; the business men did not find in them any recipes for making money; and the extreme social reformers, who wish to reform the world by dynamite and bloody revolutions, found them to be too conservative, so that the sales were very poor indeed. The author, however, who had written from unselfish motives, found satisfaction in the fact that he had done his duty and sown the grain of truth. He believed in moral as well as in physical evolution. In him was reflected August Comte's positivism with the addition of the virtue of a Socrates. He believed in preaching precepts by example, and in this he differed from most reformers, who do not practise what they preach. He knew that perfect honesty could be compatible only with manual labor, and he therefore chose to earn a livelihood as a workingman. As his personal needs were not great, a great part of his scanty earnings he spent on his publications, and in helping the needy.

Such, in short, was Karl's new acquaintance, of whom the reader will soon learn more.

Having noticed Karl's anguish, he said to him sympathetically: "Does anything ail you, my friend?"

Though Karl was not of a very communicative nature, yet his suffering was so great that he was glad to find somebody before whom to relieve his grief.

"Notin' ails me, sir," replied he, "only oi fin' de wold false an' am sick an' tied o' it."

"How so?" queried Mr. Buck in surprise. "It is sad, indeed, that a young man like yourself should speak so. Could I do anything for you?"

"Oh, I'm afred, no, nobody can do notin' exept as de purson as did de harm," and after thinking a while he added, musingly, "an' she can't help moch now neider."

After a few more questions Karl grew confidential, and retiring to his room with Mr. Buck, told his story, which we know already.

When he finished he laid his head between his hands on the table and sobbed.

Mr. Buck was in his turn so overcome at the sight of such anguish that tears welled in his own eyes, and for some time he could not find his voice. After a while he cleared his throat and said: "Well, my friend, you claim that you are more sorry for her than for yourself, because she is ruining, you think, her own life. I esteem you highly for your noble and generous ideas, that you don't think of your misery, but of hers. At the same time let me tell you that you have not acted altogether unselfishly. If you had not been persistent in your attentions to her, perhaps she would not have left home, or even if she did, she might not have fallen a victim to that fellow. And even when you last saw her under such terrible circumstances, you could not quench your burning passion towards the fallen woman, and instead of extending to her a helping *brotherly* hand, you again alluded to yourself. Mind you, I don't blame you, for you did more than many others would do for a woman who

they think had maltreated them by rejecting their love, but if you think that you are sorry only for her sake, you are mistaken, for your behavior shows that you were not altogether unselfish."

Karl was rather irritated to hear himself accused when he expected condolence and good advice.

"I did me best," said he ruefully.

"I don't say 'no'; I don't reproach you, and don't sermonize you, only for your sake I wish to open your eyes, in order to make it easier for you to bear it. The poor woman is to be pitied now, and if you are really sorry for her sake only, you will surely find great satisfaction in extending to her a brotherly hand, and in thinking of her in the light of a sister only."

Karl, who was not accustomed to grammatical speech, only half understood his interlocutor.

"What kin I do fur her?" lamented he; "she don't want me."

"Yes, she wants you as a friend," retorted the other, "for you told me yourself she was friendly to you when you last saw her, only your selfish love got the best of you, and you came out with it again in a very wrong time. Wait a few years longer, and both of you may change your minds, and now let us consider her as a misguided sister, and let us try to do for her what we can."

Such a piece of philosophy as that expressed by Mr. Buck, though it might be just, is nevertheless very hard to digest for a man who has been rejected by a woman he loves passionately; but Karl was glad

to have somebody to talk to over the matter, as he had not spoken of it with any one, and thus found relief in words. He was also glad that Mr. Buck offered to help Barbara, as, besides the fact that it would give him an opportunity to hear of her and perhaps to see her, he was glad that something should be done for her to avert her total ruin, as he pitied her from the bottom of his heart, which was of a tender and sympathetic nature.

Accordingly, Mr. Buck wrote to her once and subsequently called on her, first alone, and then with Karl. He tried to do all he could for her, to alleviate her suffering and to make her forget her past, but he succeeded very little. Barbara liked to hear the kind gentleman talk, but as soon as he was gone her perplexity and anguish would return.

Had there been no trace left of her downfall, she might have tried to forget it and to atone for it by virtue and goodness. But the offspring of her sin continually reminded her of her past and future, and made her path dark and forlorn. She could not see her way clear with regard to her duty toward that unfortunate being. To love it or hate it was equally painful to her, as in one way it reminded her of her sin, and in the other of her maternal obligations. If she were an utterly immoral and depraved woman, she would not be troubled by such scruples. But she came from an honest, industrious German stock, and her downfall was not due to innate depravity of nature, but to bad surroundings and a perverted system of society, which considers riches and rank as the highest

goal in life. Instead of becoming a lady, she found herself an outcast, with a bastard on her hands. Life under such conditions was not endurable to her, and, therefore, when she heard of the whereabouts of Curtis, she came to see him, without any definite plans, as we said before, and when subsequently he resumed with her the former sinful life, she let him do it, with the hope of some day entering triumphantly into her rights as a lawful spouse, whereby her whole past would be redeemed and, so to say, neutralized.

When she joined Curtis again, the two friends gave her up as a hopeless case, and tried to console themselves as well as they could.

Soon after that Mr. Buck established himself in a little shoe-shop of his own. There were two rooms there in the back, which he shared with Karl, as the latter did not wish to part from his friend and live apart. Under the instruction of Mr. Buck, Karl made rapid progress in studies, and at the end of two years, he could write, read and converse intelligently on many topics.

“When I am gone you will continue my work of teaching the people the gospel of unselfishness,” his teacher would say to him often. And Karl was an apt pupil.

One December evening, as Karl was returning home from his day's work, he beheld a young man half sitting, half lying on the sidewalk, and a crowd collecting around him. Something struck him in the young man as familiar to him, and on closer inspection recognized in him a young Frenchman who had worked with him

a short time in the same factory, but left soon, after having had a fight with a rowdy of the shop, in which the Frenchman was worsted. They had not worked long enough together to become friendly, but Karl had noticed the stranger's subdued air, and evident inability to perform physical labor and had taken a liking to him. The young man as he was sitting on the side-walk pointed to his mouth and chest, which evidently meant he was hungry.

Karl stepped up to him, raised him, and took him to his quarters, which were not far, the curious crowd following.

They came when Mr. Buck was finishing a pair of shoes for a customer.

"Hello, Karl, what is up?" asked he, pausing in his work.

"A young man I once met; wish to keep him till he gets better," replied Karl laconically, and in good English.

Mr. Buck noticing the stranger's condition, left his work, and came to his assistance. They gave him some stimulants, fed him gently, divested him of his ragged, dirty clothes, and improvising a bed for him in a corner of the room, left him to rest, not wishing to pester him with questions while he was in such an exhausted condition.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EUGENE'S STORY

WHEN the Frenchman got up on the following morning, he found his hosts dressed and talking in the next room. As they perceived him they greeted him.

"Have you slept well?" Karl asked him.

"Oh, yes, thank you very much," replied the stranger. "I needed a rest very much. When I woke up a short while ago I was wondering where I was, and how I came here, but little by little the recollection came to my mind of what had happened. I can hardly express to you my gratitude for your kindness."

"Oh, I have not done so much. It is only natural to do such a little thing."

Karl gave the Frenchman a suit of his clothes, which proved two sizes too big for the latter, but he put it on for the day, Karl promising to procure for him clothes of the proper size for the next day.

It was Sunday and on holidays the two friends were in the habit of preparing their own breakfast, in order "to feel at home" as they would say, and have a chat together. Of course the Frenchman was invited to the table. At breakfast the stranger said: "I would

be greatly pleased to know the names of those of whose hospitality I am partaking."

Karl introduced himself and his friend. "You are familiar to me," said Karl; "if I am not mistaken, you worked for a short time in S's factory, and left after you had a fight with a ruffian."

"Yes, I did work there for a short while, but I was not strong enough for the work, and the fight put me in a still worse plight."

"You must have had much trouble and hardship in your life," remarked Mr. Buck, sympathetically.

"Yes, I have had enough to last me for a lifetime. And now I think it is my duty to give an account of myself. You have shown your delicacy by not asking me any personal questions, but if my story interests you, I shall be happy to tell it to you."

"We shall be glad to hear it," answered they. And while sipping his coffee he began as follows:

"My name is Eugene de St. Denis, and I am a Frenchman by birth. I was brought up with a view of taking literature as a profession and when success began to smile on me, my career was brought to an end abruptly by an unfortunate circumstance which swept away all my worldly possessions, and left me penniless.

"At the same time my health, which had always been rather delicate, began to fail, and I decided to go to the United States to recuperate both my purse and my health, thinking that physical work would strengthen my animal economy, which had not been exercised enough. I knew an American in Paris, who was

highly connected here, and he gave me a letter to his brother-in-law, who is a judge in New York. I also met his daughter in Paris (here the speaker became slightly agitated), and I expected something from the judge, who is an influential man, though, of course, I relied more on myself than on anybody's help. To make it short, when I came to this country over a year ago, and presented myself to his Honor, he dismissed me with a piece of good advice, and his daughter treated me as if I had been a simple beggar.

"I met there a gentleman whom I had seen in Paris before,—he is now your District Attorney, his name is Curtis—" At this the two friends exchanged astonished and significant looks, but the speaker continued—"and he acted as if he had never known me, and snubbed me completely. I left their house with a curse on my lips, the first I ever addressed to anybody. I had in my possession the sum of three dollars, and I decided to make the most of it before it was spent on food. I accordingly began to tramp the streets in search of employment, but without success. I was not wanted anywhere.

"When my fortune was reduced to fifty cents, I left this city and went on foot to Philadelphia, in the hope of meeting with better success in the Quaker City. Once I slept in a barn, having stolen in with another fellow-traveller, who was in the same plight as myself. Under such circumstances one forms very strange acquaintances. Another night we slept under a cluster of trees, not far from the wayside. Finally, tired and hungry we reached Philadelphia. Having

partaken of a repast consisting of bread and washing it down with water at a public fountain, we secured a cheap lodging and again slept under a roof.

Well, in Philadelphia, I succeeded after a tedious search in finding work, first as a window cleaner, then I figured as an advertising post for a firm dealing in furs. A bear's skin was put on me, and in this I paraded the streets, to the great amusement of the urchins and the curiosity of the grown up people. I soon lost this job, and after having looked in vain for another one, I bent my steps to the New England States, to seek after work in the mills. My health meanwhile grew worse. A troublesome cough set in, which harassed me greatly. I also began to experience chills and fevers, which would leave me weak and prostrated. At last I obtained work in a mill. I found the intelligent American workman kind-hearted and obliging, and though there was no great future in working in a mill as a common laborer, I would have remained there indefinitely, as I was weary of tramping around; but the air of the mill greatly aggravated my cough, and I was obliged to give it up. I had then a few dollars saved up and I came back to New York, with the hope of meeting with better success this time. After a while I secured work in S's factory, where thousands of people are employed. Most of the workingmen there were either foreigners or born of foreign parents, and among the latter class I found the toughest, most selfish, brutal and depraved people, men as well as women. Being born of ignorant parents under American freedom, they transform

liberty into license and brutality. Many of them are steeped in drunkenness and debauchery.

As soon as I began work there, I was made the object of their brutal fun. They evidently recognized that I was not one of them.

One fellow in particular annoyed me greatly. This was a big man, with a red neck, and the head and face of a chimpanzee. He attacked me and I had to fight him. Of course, I was badly beaten.

I came home sore, bruised and bleeding in body and mind, with bitter tears of despair in my eyes. It was not the physical punishment that affected me so much, but the moral and intellectual degradation of having to mingle with such human beasts, and the depravity of mankind—to do harm for pleasure's sake.

I would have committed suicide then but on account of my views, as I consider that since we know not what life is and its purpose, we have no moral right to wilfully destroy it, no more our own life than that of somebody else, except in certain cases, which it would be out of place to discuss here. I kept to my room a whole week, being loath to venture out, as the sight of man made me almost shudder, and I would prefer to be rather among beasts in the forest than in a city supposed to be inhabited by civilized people. It was then that Rousseau's famous essay to the effect that civilization has not increased our happiness came forcibly to my mind. But something more suggested itself to me, and that was that not only has not civilization done anything to make us happy, but it has not even improved our manners, of which it boasts

most, not to speak of our morals. Our manners are either extremely brutal, as instanced among the ignorant working classes of the large cities or highly conventional and ridiculous, as seen in the so-called high society.

Engrossed by these ideas I bethought myself of trying my hand again at literature, since physical work failed entirely to do me any good. On the contrary, my health was still more reduced, my cough became more harassing, and my fevers severer and more prostrating. I accordingly took up my pen again, which had been idle for so many months, and embodied my thoughts in a little novelette entitled "The Triumph of the Brute", wherein my humble self figured as the victim. Having touched and retouched the work to my satisfaction, I went forth with it to Bluff Row, the place where the great dailies are located, and after some formalities was introduced into the august presence of the editor of one daily. He rejected it. So did several others. The truth finally dawned on me. One must make first a name, in order to have one's writing accepted. But how can one make a name, if his first essays are rejected? That's nobody's business—hang yourself and get a name.

Discouraged and broken hearted, I wearily wended my way homeward, if an obscure attic can be called so. I knew that even this refuge I could not enjoy long, as my resources were waning fast, and so was my health, and I was soon to become an actual tramp.

Why did I not commit suicide? I ask again. A *gentleman* might say it was because of my weakness,

that if I had a strong character I could not live to endure such humiliations. Perhaps this is the case. But you know already my views on this subject.

For weeks I tramped around in the city and in its vicinity, sleeping wherever it would happen, in a wagon, under a wagon, under a tree, or in a cheap lodging, when I would get the wherewithal to pay for it.

But such a mode of existence ill agreed with my health. I was examined, before I became a tramp, by a specialist, who pronounced my affection as consumption. I was then, according to his statement, in the second stage. And now, I suppose I must be in the last stage. My health at last utterly broke down; I could not obtain even the little I wanted, as it is necessary to beg in many places before one can get anything, and, finally, exhausted by disease and hunger, I dropped on the side-walk in a faint, when thanks to you, my friends, I was picked up and have slept under a roof for the first time in a long while, and am also enjoying now a breakfast, such as I have not had for a still longer time."

His listeners were greatly affected by this tale of human suffering and misery, and after thinking a while, Mr. Buck said: "Now that you are here, you must consider this place as your home as long as you wish."

"I thank you from the depth of my heart for your kindness, but I think my stay here will not be very long, as I feel that my disease is making great headway, and I shall soon depart for a more peaceful place."

“Oh, don’t say that,” both hosts said, sympathetically; “we hope you’ll be all right soon,” and as it was getting late in the afternoon Karl and Mr. Buck left on some business, promising to be back in the evening and have supper together.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE SICK MAN

WHEN Eugene woke up the next morning he found near him a new suit of clothes, and proceeded to attire himself, but was interrupted by an attack of coughing to which patients suffering from such a disease are subject, especially in the morning.

Mr. Buck, who was working in the adjoining room, was attracted by his guest's troublesome coughing and came to his assistance, and on perceiving him was struck by his wretched condition; somehow or other he had not noted it so well the previous day.

"Yes, I think the poor fellow is right in saying that his stay here will not be long," Mr. Buck thought to himself; "let us therefore try to alleviate his suffering and make his last few days as pleasant for him as possible." When the fit was over he said: "My friend, you really must not neglect yourself so much; you must consult a physician and obtain some relief."

Eugene smiled and replied: "I know it is in vain, for I know my disease, and doctors can only write and talk about it, but when it comes to cure it, they are as powerless as reformers are to cure our social evils."

But as Mr. Buck insisted, having in view simply the

relief of the troublesome symptoms, Eugene promised to visit one of the dispensaries during the day.

Eugene visited the dispensary, got a palliative for his cough and started back. Presently he was greatly surprised to meet an old acquaintance, who was no less a person than Dr. Wunderlich, he of the microbian fame, whom he had met in Paris. To have judged by his shabby attire and "seedy" appearance microbe-hunting had evidently not proven a very profitable business.

"How does the world treat you and your discoveries?" Eugene asked him after the first greetings and surprises at the unexpected meeting were over.

"As you can see by my appearance I have not been in clover. But how are you? You seem to have succeeded better with your verses than I with my bacilli, for you have a new suit of clothes to your back."

Thereupon the two related to each other their experiences.

Fortune had not smiled on the scientist, either. He had found the market in Europe over-crowded with germ hunters, and he came to the United States in the hope of finding a better opening here; but the conditions in the New World were not such as he had expected, and he decided to return home soon.

The two friends took an affectionate leave of each other and parted, never to meet again.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AT THE OPERA

SEVERAL weeks passed, Mr. Buck and Karl not letting Eugene leave them, knowing well that his end would come soon, as his disease made rapid strides. A physician was procured, who did everything in his power to alleviate the patient's suffering and to make him comfortable, for nothing more could be done for him. Eugene was overcome with gratitude by the kindness of Mr. Buck and Karl, and tried to make himself as useful as his health would allow.

"I will die now with a peaceful mind and a forgiving heart. A short time ago I was bitter against humanity, as I have met only with coldness, selfishness and cruelty; but now I see that there are men who redeem the evil of mankind," he would say to Mr. Buck.

And the two discussed all sorts of subjects, from art to theology.

Eugene's mind, in spite of his advanced affliction, remained clear and active, a characteristic peculiar to consumptives, whose mind in many instances is marked by hyperactivity.

This, by the way, is in direct contradiction to the views expressed by some materialists that body and mind are the same thing, basing their assertions on

the alleged facts that when the body is afflicted with disease the mind is also correspondingly affected. This is the case in some diseases but not in all.

One day their discussion turned on theatres, and the opera in particular. Mr. Buck was not much of a theatre goer. But Eugene as a poet admired grand opera, and to please his dying friend, they one evening repaired to the opera. A foreign group, most of whose members were known to Eugene, were to play that night "Carmen," the daily tragedy of human existence and one of the few operas the libretto of which is based on real life, and not on myth.

They arrived early and secured comfortable seats on the *parterre*, or orchestra.

Mr. Buck possessed the trait peculiar to an intelligent American of knowing a great many persons and their histories, especially persons of some importance, whose history is being spoken of. The two friends were in a very talkative mood, and as Eugene was for the first time at an opera in America, he naturally asked a great many questions, and was more curious to study the audience than to listen to the singers. He noticed that the first act had begun and the *parterre* boxes were all empty.

"Your aristocracy is just like ours," remarked he to his friend; "they keep their boxes more for show than for the love of art." At the end of the second act the boxes were filled up, and Eugene beheld a glittering audience—polished and powdered flesh decked out in silk, satin, and the precious metals and stones.

"The whole human society is represented here in miniature," said Mr. Buck to his friend in an entr'acte, "and they occupy in the world the positions which they relatively occupy here. Here," pointing to the orchestra boxes, "is the millionaires' row, and as you ascend higher you will gradually find people with thinner purses, till you reach the top gallery, where you will meet people who have in all probability stinted themselves a whole week in their meals, to save enough to buy a ticket. But those people who sit highest as a rule also *stand* highest, for they come here from the love of art, and not for ostentation, unlike some of the people that sit lower, who come here to display the wealth which in numerous cases they unscrupulously grabbed away from those who are now in the "Sky parlor there."

"And where is the literary class?" asked Eugene.

"What literary class? I think you ought to know by this time," said Mr. Buck, "that we have no more literary men as such. They have been swallowed up by the modern newspaper, and become simply journeymen writing to order, and very often against their conscience. A literary man can not exist, unless he were connected with a newspaper, when he loses his personality and becomes merely an appendage of the paper."

"The difference between our old aristocracy and your young, robust one is," said Eugene, "that ours arrays itself in finery to cover the corruption and depravity of centuries, and yours bedecks itself in glittering gems to offset its mental dullness."

"Vice is easily learned," replied Mr. Buck, "and

ours does not consist of white-winged doves either. There you see a woman who has been divorced from her husband, a millionaire, and pretty soon married the man, another millionaire, who was the cause of the divorce. And there again you see a similiar instance. Only our aristocracy seems to take it as a matter of course, and is not a bit shocked even for appearance's sake. Probably because all the parties belong to the same set, and many things are overlooked *en famille*."

"Que diable! in our country they like variety, in vice and never would a millionaire's wife have for her *amant* another millionarie; she would get, for instance, an army officer," remarked Eugene with French levity in which every Frenchman likes to indulge on some occasions.

"In our country they are practical even in their sins," observed Mr. Buck.

"Now, look here, sir," said Eugene seriously, "in the low classes we find depravity, barbarity and brutality; in the high, corruption, vice and cruelty; in the middle classes, hypocrisy and sordidness with a desire to enter the ranks of the higher class—, and how will your moral evolution ever come to pass? Even in this New Republic, with all the bitter lessons of the Old World, I see you are not far advanced in morality. How will you reach it then?"

"Well, my boy, this New Republic of ours will teach everybody a lesson, that it is not enough to change the form of government to make people moral and happy, but it is necessary that there shall be a change in peoples' minds and hearts respecting their moral ob-

ligations towards one another, which I hope will be sooner or later realized."

In the third entr'acte the two friends scanned the occupants of the various boxes, Mr. Buck, like a veritable encyclopedia, supplying all the information to his friend.

"Who is that one?" asked Eugene, pointing to a stout woman dressed in a black gown trimmed with argenterie displaying a vast, white, fat bosom and a short, fat neck, from which hung numerous jewels, and fanning herself desperately with one hand, and holding an opera glass in the other, which she now and then applied to her eyes and trained on some people in the boxes.

"That is Mrs. Moneybag, whose grandfather was a common laborer, but she is now the leader of the aristocratic set, and claims to be a descendant of royalty," explained Mr. Buck.

Eugene next raised his eyes to the grand-tier boxes. "And who is that beautiful wom—" began he, pointing to a box; but he stopped suddenly, became red and then ghastly pale, and a fit of coughing seized him, which nearly choked him, and made many in the audience turn their heads in his direction, among them the beauty in one of the grand-tier boxes.

"What ails you?" Mr. Buck asked in great alarm; but the other became livid from the fit and could not answer, whereupon his friend helped him outside, where after a while he grew better and expressed a desire to return home, thinking that the fresh air would do him good, to which Mr. Buck readily assented.

The latter noticed the District-Attorney in the box with the young lady, and having recalled to his mind that his friend had related how he had been snubbed by that official, he concluded that his sudden fit was provoked by the sight of that official, who stirred up bitter recollections.

"Has the sight of our District-Attorney affected you so much?" asked he innocently.

Eugene had not told him of his unfortunate love, as he wanted to keep it to himself. But now, since the question was put to him squarely by Mr. Buck, he had to tell his story or lie—something of which Eugene, unlike many of his countrymen, was not capable.

"No, it was not so much the man as the woman. My attention had been too much absorbed by so many new persons and things, that I had not noticed her till the last. Besides, I had not expected to meet her there, and I think her box had been empty during the first half of the performance.

"The sight of the woman gave me a shock, which brought on that fit, for she I can say, is responsible to a great extent for my present wretchedness."

And when they arrived home and rested awhile, he told his two friends all about his unfortunate love.

CHAPTER XXXVII

ENGAGED

CURTIS's courtship of May Clayton ended in their formal engagement a short time prior to the opera night described in the last chapter, which engagement, however, he tried to keep out of publicity for reasons of modesty and out of reverence for his defunct spouse, as he explained to May, but in reality from motives of a different nature.

Barbara continued to hang like a mill-stone on his neck. She had been kept in ignorance respecting the death of his spouse, and he knew that if by chance she should become aware of it, his marriage to May would be thwarted. He accordingly tried to keep out references to his engagement from the papers as much as possible, and also to hasten the wedding, thinking that when May once became his legal helpmeet, she would not give credence to Barbara's claims for her own sake, and if then his former mistress should not be willing to accept a settlement, he would "shake her off" unceremoniously.

After their engagement, when their marriage was more or less assured, and the charm and intoxication which are generally found in connection with forbidden fruit were over, May, from no definite causes,

was frequently visited by vague fears concerning her future marital bliss, in consequence of which she was not so happy as an engaged bride is supposed to be. Mrs. Curtis's words with regard to her ill-treatment by her husband unwillingly came to May's mind, and though she had long dismissed them as in no way applicable to her own case, yet her misgivings were not entirely allayed.

She also gave occasionally a thought to tricks and deceptions which she had herself practised on some of the male sex, and she wondered whether there was such a thing as retribution on this earth, and whether she would have to pay for the broken hearts that she had caused. Eugene crossed her mind often, and she wondered what had become of him, and she also wondered whether Curtis had had any love affairs before he had been married to Clara. Woman-like she once said to him:

"People say that when you trifle with another's affection you have to pay for it in kind, and your married life is bound to be a failure. I wonder whether our life will be a happy one."

"What puts such silly thoughts in your head?" asked he.

"Nothing. I think it is quite natural to think over such matters before one goes to the altar," and after a while she said, "Did you have any love-affairs before you were married?" and looked him straight in his face.

"Is it an inquisition?" replied he with a dry laugh.

"No, indeed; did you or not? I have heard it said

that men now-a-days seldom if ever give their first love to the woman they marry," persisted she with feminine inquisitiveness.

"Oh, please don't ask such silly questions. Let us talk of something more interesting. I have an invitation to the opera box of Mr. L. for the whole season, in payment for legal services rendered to him. You will have, then, opera to your heart's content."

It was a few weeks subsequent to the above conversation that Eugene met them at the opera. They arrived late, owing to some important business which had detained Curtis, and Eugene therefore had not noticed them till later in the evening. When he did look at them, owing to the mysterious force which makes one turn around when one is being gazed at, they in their turn perceived him and trained their opera glasses on him.

"There is somebody you have met before," remarked he with a mischievous smile. But she was so absorbed that she did not hear him and continued examining the Frenchman. She noted his frightful emaciation and the great change that had occurred in him, so that he was only a shadow of his former self. She also heard his painful cough, and saw his great suffering, which was evident by his contracted features, and she became pale and agitated,—for what woman will not sympathise with the wretchedness of her earnest admirer, when he is not a troublesome fellow and knows how to keep at a distance when he is desired to do so? She felt that she was to a great extent the cause of that boy's misery, and she became

all of a sudden conscience-smitten, and experienced a bitter feeling of regret and mortification. Curtis watched her not without a tinge of jealousy—a trait peculiar to small minds.

“You seem not to have entirely lost interest in the Frenchman,” remarked he, rather ironically.

“Oh the poor fellow, he must be very sick,” she said feelingly, not noticing her companion’s taunt.

“Come, come, we came here to listen to the woes of Don José, and not to those of the insignificant little Frenchman,” retorted he. “I wish I were in his place, to receive your sympathy,” continued he gallantly, giving her an affectionate look.

She did not enjoy the rest of the performance, and was glad when it was over, returning home with forebodings regarding the future.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BARBARA'S DISCOVERY

IN spite of Curtis's desire to keep his engagement out of the newspapers, his frequent appearances with May at public places could not escape the attention of the newspaper men, who came to regard their engagement as an accomplished fact, before it had been publicly announced.

Barbara was not a diligent newspaper reader, and some matters of interest to her had therefore escaped her. But about a week after the memorable opera night, she chanced to pick up a newspaper and to glance at an account given of some social function at which Curtis and May were present.

It was stated there that the couple had of late been seen together frequently, and as far as could be learned from intimate friends they had been actually engaged.

When Barbara learned of this, she experienced nearly the same sensation that she had when she had read of his marriage to Miss Silverton; but owing to the fact that a longer and closer acquaintance with the man taught her to mistrust him and that this time he was not married, but only presumably engaged, she was not so painfully affected as the first time. As he was to call on her the same evening she impatiently

awaited his arrival, thinking it useless to go out and hunt for him.

When he came in the evening, she picked up the paper as soon as he entered, and, pointing to the incriminating article, exclaimed, livid with rage:

“False man! deceiver! Look here, what is said about you! You are engaged to marry a Miss Clayton, you who told me right along that you could not marry me because you have a wife living! I will not be your dupe longer. I will show you what I will do!”

Curtis who was not taken entirely by surprise, as he had constantly feared that she might learn of his engagement in some way or another, was prepared for it and replied, “Do you believe the nonsensical newspaper talk? Do you believe what you saw in this paper, which is my enemy and never tells the truth about anything or anybody? Why, that’s all humbug. My social and political duties require me to be pleasant to the Claytons, because I owe them very much. And the story about my engagement is all stuff and nonsense.”

“And how about Mrs. Curtis, as I understand from the article there is no more a Mrs. Curtis now? For I read here,” pointing to the paper, “‘Since the death of the much beloved and highly esteemed Mrs. Curtis the bereaved husband is seen very frequently in the company of Miss Clayton, and their engagement, it is said, will soon be announced publicly.’ Do you mean to say that your enemies also invented the death of your wife? Fine enemies they are, indeed. Why, you always said you wished she should die,” and she

looked him straight in the eyes, trembling with rage and excitement.

He saw that it would be useless to deny the death of his wife, for he knew Barbara was not so foolish as to believe that this was also a newspaper invention, and he said; "My dear girl, I wanted to keep this a secret from you till I am ready to marry you, when I thought to surprise you by announcing to you her death together with my readiness to make you my wife. Oh, you silly thing, don't you trust me? Just wait a few months, just a few short months and you'll see," and he took her tenderly in his arms, covered her with kisses and spent with her a long while in intimacy, and thus succeeded in allaying her suspicions to some extent.

When he left her, and she began to turn over the matter in her mind, doubt and mistrust gradually crept in, and, finally, she was overcome by the terrible conviction that the man lied to her, and wanted to dupe her the same as he had done before. She recalled his words and his actions, and she could not but see that there was not a tinge of sincerity in them and that the man was consciously deceiving her. She passed the night sleepless and feverish, her mind and body racked by the most excruciating torments which fall to the lot of a woman in her condition to bear.

Like a shipwrecked wretch awaiting the sign of a mast or sail, did she await the dawn of the day, to hie to Miss Clayton and find out from that lady the truth concerning this matter. She considered this a very wise course to take, as in case there was no en-

gagment there could be no harm done to that woman, and if there was, she would be warned in time that there was another, prior claim on the man. The Claytons' address, of course, she could easily find in any directory.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE REVELATION

WHEN daylight came and Barbara thought the time was ripe for calling, she took her two children along, went out from the house, and on finding the address she wanted, bent her steps towards her destination, which she soon reached.

She rang the bell and was met by the same maid-servant that had responded when Eugene had called over a year before. The servant expressed still greater surprise this time when she saw before her a woman with two children desiring to see her mistress. She thought it was in all probability a genteel beggar, and wanted to turn her out; but the visitor was persistent and stated emphatically that she wished to see the young lady on personal business, whereupon she was told to wait in the vestibule, while the servant went to confer with her mistress.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and May was then busy with her toilet, as she expected Curtis in the early afternoon to take her out for a drive, and she also had to do some shopping, so she was inclined at first to refuse the interview, but as the servant said that the visitor claimed very urgent personal business, she came down to meet her.

"Well, what can I do for you, madam?" asked she of the visitor rather abruptly, being irritated for having been disturbed at such an inopportune moment.

"Are you Miss May Clayton?"

"Yes, that is my name, and you will greatly oblige me by informing me what I can do for you, as I am very busy now."

"I want to talk to you alone for a few moments," answered Barbara, looking at the servant, who remained with them.

"You can speak, we are alone," remarked May impatiently. The servant took the hint and withdrew to an adjoining room, but having been endowed with a good portion of curiosity, she crouched on the floor and applied her eye to the key-hole of the door to await developments.

Barbara looked around, as if to assure herself that they were alone, and said in a quivering voice: "Miss, I read in a paper that you are engaged to marry Frederick Curtis, is that true?"

May's pride revolted at such a question, coming as it did from an utter stranger, and in a towering rage she haughtily demanded: "Is that what you come for? How dare you ask me such a question? Who are you? What are you?"

"I am," answered the other in a voice hoarse from emotion, "a poor, deceived and disgraced woman, and the cause of my downfall is the man to whom you are engaged."

May was dumfounded to hear the woman say that.

She stood like one petrified, but suddenly recovering her pride and haughtiness, exclaimed: "That can not be! you lie, woman! Where have you been all this time! Bring proofs, proofs! You understand?"

"Oh proofs—here they are," retorted the other; pointing to the two children who were cowering in a corner, "here is my shame and disgrace, and here is the man's perfidy!" And she burst out in tears. The poor waifs had a striking resemblance to their father, and the conviction was forced on May that she was being duped by the man as that woman had been, and wounded in her vanity, humbled and discomfited, it cost her a great effort to restrain herself from crying—the feminine resource for relief,—not wishing to show her weakness before the other woman.

"Wait in the next room; he will come soon. I expect him any moment," said May. Whereupon she took her visitor to the adjoining room, but how great was her indignation when, on opening the door, she found the servant crouching on the floor in the act of spying on them! She did not want any one to know of her humiliation, and she vented her rage on the maid.

"What are you doing here! How dare you spy on me, you wench!" exclaimed she furiously.

Ma'am I—I—thought you wan—wanted me—" stammered the maid.

"I wanted you? Get out from here, you mean thing!" and she hurled at her some book she picked up at random, which however missed the mark, as the

maid was fleet of foot and retreated on the double quick, and, on reaching breathless the servants' hall, told all about what she saw and heard.

A few minutes later Curtis entered, gay and whistling a popular air.

"Good morning, my darling," he said to May, approaching nearer, but noticing all at once her changed appearance, he was startled and drew back.

"What is the matter, my dear? What do you mean by such looks?"

Pale, nervous, with her features distorted, she fixed on him her scornful and contemptuous gaze, and said:

"Don't dare to address me thus, you base deceiver!" and she opened the door of the room in which Barbara was.

It was Curtis's turn now to become dumfounded and petrified. But he soon recovered and addressing Barbara said. "Woman, what do you mean by coming here? I don't know you!"

She flew at him with tooth and nail, and expressed her feelings in very strong factory language, a taste of which she had given him before, at their first quarrel, related at the commencement of this history.

"Rascal! Brute! Say a few more words and I'll scratch out your eyes! Do you dare to deny everything!"

Now, one furious woman is apt to disconcert a brave man, but two furies were more than even Curtis who was by nature very brave, could stand, and he would have preferred hell a thousand times better, and had the earth opened itself and swallowed him, as

once occurred, according to the Bible, in the case of some rebellious persons, he would have accepted this happy deliverance with blessings. But the earth remained solid under him, and the two enraged women were facing him.

Finally, May said, "Go hence, and take this woman with you, and never dare to show your face again to me!"

It is unnecessary to say that Curtis seized the opportunity and speedily retired, not without, however, protesting his innocence, and promising to prove it soon.

Barbara soon followed him.

A few minutes later Judge Clayton entered. May's floodgates were by this time fully open, and almost choking with tears and sobs, she informed her father that her engagement was broken, that she would never marry, that men were false.

"And for that matter women are still more so," thought the old Justice, who only a few nights before had been fleeced of a considerable sum of money by a vivacious and fickle blonde.

"It is a woman's caprice; she will soon be over it," said the Justice to himself as he retired to his study, after he had tried in vain to obtain from his daughter a coherent report of what had happened.

CHAPTER XL

MAY AND EUGENE

A WEEK or so after the above occurrence May's wounded pride and heart began to recover, and her suffering was somewhat allayed, as her love for Curtis was not very deep, she having regarded him more as a suitable match than as a lover, and in such a case a woman easily recovers from her disappointment.

But for some reason or other, probably from association of ideas, as our learned friends—the psychologists, would say, her thoughts unwillingly reverted to Eugene. She had broken many hearts, but as far as she could learn, all those gentlemen were afterwards either married or enjoyed life in single blessedness, without apparently being the worse for the injuries to their central vital organs, which she caused by her trifling with them. Many of these gentlemen had sworn to her that they would not survive another twenty-four hours, etc., but she saw them a few months later hale and hearty, as if their terrible disappointment had infused life and vigor into them, and she therefore gave very little credence to men's protestations of love and suffering. Eugene was practically the only one of her rejected lovers whom she saw in

such a bad plight, and her vanity ascribed his condition exclusively to his unfortunate love.

Whether or not a woman reciprocated the affection of the man who she thinks died from a hopeless love for her, she likes in after life to dwell on this point, parading it before her friends, accompanying it now and then with a sigh and an expression of sympathy for the poor unfortunate fellow.

May probably would not have gone further than that if she herself had not met with adversity in the same line; but adversity is said to teach some unfeeling persons how to sympathize with others, and she therefore frequently thought of the fellow who was perhaps dying on her account. She felt herself almost responsible for his wretchedness; and she was inclined to the belief that her own reverses were a retribution of Providence for her heartlessness with regard to that innocent boy. The more she thought of it, the more she was overcome by a moral conviction that it was her duty to find out the poor sufferer and to make amends to him. Of course, the idea of marrying him did not enter into her mind, but see him she must anyhow,—and the reader is well enough acquainted with her to know that once her mind was made up she would not retreat.

Accordingly, she had inserted a *personal* in several newspapers to the effect that the address of such and such a person was wanted, etc., and a few days later she received the desired address, which was forwarded to her by Mr. Buck, who had happened to read the personal. She called the same day, in the afternoon.

Eugene contracted a severe cold on his way from the opera that night, and this, in addition to his great excitement and the shock, greatly aggravated his malady, which was to terminate fatally sooner than it would under better conditions. Hence, when May called he was sinking fast. His two friends decided to keep him till the last, and were unwilling to send him to a hospital.

When she came, Mr. Buck was busying himself around the sick bed, and he advanced with an expression of surprise on his face to meet the elegant and beautiful young woman, who evidently belonged to another world.

She was not less astonished than he to find herself amidst such surroundings. She had not been before in the poor sections of the city and still less in such a poor habitation. She thought it was a mistake, as she could not imagine that her rejected lover was living in such quarters.

"Does Mr. Eugene de St. Denis live here?" asked she in great wonder, showing the address. Mr. Buck's workingman's garb did not add in her eyes to the elegance of the environments. He understood, however, who the visitor was, having a faint recollection of her since that opera night, and he said:

"Yes, madam, he is here, but I am afraid you are too late."

She grew pale and asked in a trembling voice; "Is he so low? Oh, please, let me see him immediately."

Mr. Buck led her into the dying man's room, and as

they entered, he inquired in a hoarse, sepulchral voice, "Who is it?"

May shuddered at the sight of the human wreck, in whom she could hardly recognize the former handsome young man.

His staring eyes were dull and lustreless; he was frightfully emaciated, and his skin of a dingy hue was covered with a week's growth of beard, which made his appearance far from attractive. His heavy breathing and a few rattles in his throat announced the beginning of the end. May knelt near him, and took his cold, clammy hands into hers, which caused a shiver to pass through her; but she was so wrought up that she held on and, with tears in her eyes, cried: "Oh, Eugene, look at me; it is I, May; do you recognize me?"

"Oh, you have come at last?" answered he feebly and hoarsely; "merci, merci, I thought you would never come again."

"Yes, I have come," cried she, "and will always stay with you. Oh, please, please, try and get well."

"I am well, I am well, only that," making a painful effort to point to his throat.

He tried to rise, but only became exhausted, and his breathing grew stertorous and the rattling in the throat increased.

May, frightened, ran into the other room to find Mr. Buck, who had left them alone for that supreme moment.

"Oh, please, quick send for a doctor," cried she;

“and as soon as he gets better I will have him transferred to my house, where he can have better accommodations.”

Mr. Buck mournfully shook his head, but as she insisted he sent for the nearest doctor.

The medico came in, looked at the patient, shook his head and said: “It is too late, you should have called me in earlier.” And he pocketed his fee and went out very proud of his great wisdom.

CHAPTER XLI

ANOTHER TRAGEDY

IN another part of the town another tragedy was enacted simultaneously with the one described above, and the actors in this drama were Barbara and Curtis.

When the latter left May's residence after he had been confronted by the two women, he was so overwhelmed by feelings of ire, disappointment and humiliation that he took a train and left the city in order to remain alone, not to be disturbed by anybody, and to devise future plans for action. His wrath against Barbara knew no bounds. He considered himself now the injured party and the victim of that woman's perfidy.

"How did she dare to be so mean and treacherous!" thought he. He was afraid to meet her lest he should be tempted to crush her life out. He knew that the turning point in his relations with Barbara had been reached, and that it must end in one way or another. Before he left he sent a telegram to his office to the effect that he was suddenly called out of town on urgent business.

Barbara returned home, and having waited till the following day and not seeing him come, she went forth to learn his whereabouts. She in her turn decided that the matter must be ended then and there, but for

her there could be no compromise,—she must be made his legal spouse or perish. She had borne her shame and disgrace long enough, and the man had played her false so long that she was determined to give him no quarter.

Of course, she suspected that their marriage, if it should come to pass, might not be unalloyed bliss,—but what did it matter? Was not her present life most miserable and disgraceful? “And who knows? Perhaps by dint of devotion and fine tact he might learn to respect me in the end.”

But she had searched for him in vain. In his office she was told that he had left town, and that was all.

As she knew that sooner or later he must turn up, unless he had ended his miserable existence, an idea that she could not entertain seriously, for she knew him too well to surmise that such an affair would drive him to extremes, she settled down to await developments.

At the end of a week he suddenly, one evening, turned up in her house.

As soon as he crossed the threshold, she jumped up, and began, “Oh, at last—” but he made an imperative motion to her to be quiet, and said in a well studied, firm voice: “Listen, Barbara, I came here to put an end to our troubles; the thing can not last longer this way—”

“Of course it cannot—” interrupted she.

“Well, you just listen till the end. You know very well that it would be utterly impossible for us to get married.”

“And why not, pray?” asked she vehemently.

“Because that would be my ruin—our ruin, our stations in life are so differ—” but before he could finish she rushed at him, livid with rage, crying: “Scoundrel, say another word, and I’ll tear your face off. I was good enough for you for that thing, and now I am beneath you to marry me, you—”

He evidently had prepared himself for such outbursts, for without losing his temper, and with the self-assurance and calmness engendered by the consciousness of superior strength—for she was no match to him, though as a woman she was powerful—he restrained her and said in a commanding tone of voice: “I would advise you to listen to me till I finish. I can assure you, you will regret it if you don’t. Now I repeat again, we can’t get married, it is out of the question; but I want to be generous with you, more generous than many a man would be with you, for you have played me a mean trick; but I am used to forgive, and I will settle on you and the children a certain sum to keep you above want all your lifetime, on condition that you sign a paper releasing me from all claims. Well, what do you say to that?”

“I say that I’ll see you die ten times before I’ll agree to that,” answered she, quivering with hate and wrath.

Thereupon he grew furious. “To the h—— with you,” hissed he, “you have been the cause of my ruin and all my troubles in life. If you don’t agree to what I have proposed, you won’t get a broken cent. Do you hear? Not a broken pin will you get from me.” And so saying he was opening the door preliminary to

go out. She caught a cup and hurled it at his head, but he dodged it, escaped unhurt, and immediately disappeared behind the door and in the street.

Barbara's brain was on fire; she had played the last trump and lost, and there was nothing left for her to do but to founder together with her betrayer. Her whole body and mind were filled with one word, "Revenge!"

Wherever she went she saw red before her eyes; everything seemed to her to whirl, to turn upside down; human faces seemed to her distorted, disfigured and mocking her in her disgrace and wretchedness. She saw in the whole world only her betrayer, and the injury he had done her. She procured a weapon, loaded it, and went in search of him. For three days she could not find him. She had not tasted any food, and was pale, haggard, and buoyed up only by her terrible desire of revenge.

Finally, one day as she entered his office, she saw him standing and talking to a clerk, whereupon she whipped out her weapon, and exclaiming: "Take this, you betrayer," began firing at him. He crouched behind a desk for protection, and she, thinking that her devilish work had been accomplished, turned the weapon on herself and fired.

She was more successful with herself than with her betrayer. He was only slightly wounded and she died instantaneously. To the newspapers it was given out that the woman had been demented, and had come before to the office, acting very queerly, and as she had nobody to avenge her, her mother having died and her

sister having married and gone West, and not corresponding with each other, as is usually the case among this class of people, the matter was temporarily hushed up, till the next election.

Karl, for the sake of old friendship for the family, claimed the body, and had it buried side by side with the other victim of social iniquity, Eugene de St. Denis.

CHAPTER XLII

AFTERMATH

Two years had passed since the events related above transpired. No perceptible changes took place in the world during that lapse of time, but changes occurred in the lives of some of the persons connected with our history. Curtis's term of office expired, and with it his political life.

The mysterious shooting, which was hinted at darkly by the antagonistic newspapers, the animosity of Justice Clayton, who was a power in his party, on account of his daughter's disappointment, and the advent of a more prudent rival,—put an end to Curtis's political aspirations and relegated him to the background, among the "had-beens."

May Clayton was so much affected by the deception of her betrothed and the tragic end of her rejected lover, that she vowed to atone for her past frivolities by renouncing worldly pleasures and devoting her life to charity work, a vow that she kept faithfully in spite of her father's remonstrances to the contrary.

From a letter she received from her uncle of Paris, in the meantime, we learned something with regard to

some persons familiar to the reader, and we think it best to reproduce here a portion of it verbatim:

“ Now, as you are probably interested to know the fate of some of the persons you met at my home, I can gratify your desire by giving you brief information concerning them. I have heard that Dr. Wunderlich, the germ-hunter, has obtained a position in a laboratory in Germany, at a paltry remuneration, and is working hard at his favorite occupation, finding in it the pleasure of his life. I wish him success from the bottom of my heart!

“ The two Russians you met at our house, those who took it for granted that the present iniquitous social system would soon be replaced by a more equitable one, and who grappled only with the difficulty of details, returned to Russia, and in an evil hour their opinions reached the ears of his Majesty's officials. The latter did not view the matter in the same light, regarding such opinions as the result of an overheated, abnormally excited brain, and the two Russians were quickly transferred to a very cold corner of Siberia, and by this time their brains as well as their whole bodies are probably very cold indeed.

“ Last but not least comes our nobleman, Le Baron de la Blaque. Of late he has so much exhausted his credit that he has had great hardship in obtaining the price of a simple meal. As luck would wish it, however, a new patriotic league has recently been formed in France, with the object as it appears of restoring to the French throne some scion of Royalty (you must really excuse me from giving you details as I care not to waste the ink and paper in this matter), of abusing foreigners, Protestants, Free Masons, and a host of other things,—and in this party our noble Frenchman has enlisted himself. He does for them some odd jobs, and receives now and then a few francs; but what is

for him better still, he is occasionally invited by an opulent partisan to a fine dinner or supper, with no restriction on the wines, a thing that is very attractive to our nobleman. Such is life!

“As to ourselves, we continue leading our monotonous, uneventful life, and we shall probably do so till the end, if nothing happens to interfere with our plans.

“Please accept the best wishes for your welfare from my wife, and from

“Your affectionate uncle,

“REMINGTON.”

As to Karl Schmalzkopf, the death of the woman who had been the cause of his suffering cast a veil of oblivion on his past painful experience, and his heart, with the trait peculiar to this complex and mysterious organ while in the prime of life—and sometimes also even when in its decline—began to yearn again for love and the desire of perpetuating the species, and pretty soon he was enabled to attain this end.

A buxom German girl, a distant relative of his, arrived in the United States, and he paid her a good deal of attention. Remembering, however, his bitter experience he was very cautious and wary. But these precautions were quite needless, as this young woman, who had no ambition of becoming a great “lady,” felt honored by the attentions of the sober and industrious workman, and the whole thing passed off without a hitch, so much so, in fact, that there is hardly anything worth chronicling. A year later their union was blessed by the birth of a bouncing baby boy, who was named Thomas, after Mr. Thomas Buck.

The latter was prevailed upon by the young couple to make his home with them, as they were loath to part with him.

“I am glad there will be an heir left to continue our teaching when we are both gone,” said Mr. Buck to Karl.

“And so he will,” answered the other, looking proudly at his heir, who by his lusty yells proved to be possessed of a strong pair of lungs, and gave indications of being able in the future to continue Mr. Buck’s teachings.

THE END.

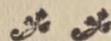
THE
Abbey Press

114
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

ANNOUNCEMENTS

May be ordered through
any bookseller or will be
mailed free for the pub-
lished price

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS



Collins, Wilkie.	Kent, Charles.
Cruikshank, George, Jr.	Mankowski, Mary D.
De Mezailles, Jean.	Martyn, Carlos.
Dickens, Charles.	Miller, Andrew J.
Drummond, Henry.	Munn, Charles Clark.
Flattery, M. Douglas.	Napoliello, R. R.
Gardner, W. H.	Palier, Emile A.
Graham, Marie.	Parkes, Harry.
Hamilton, Sam A.	Pash, Florence.
Hamm, Margherita Arlina.	Rideal, Charles F.
Hartt, Irene Widdemer.	Runyan, N. P.
Howard, Lady Constance.	Scribner, Kimball.
Jennings, Edwin B.	Stevenson, Robert Louis.
Johnson, Stanley Edwards.	Tabor, Edward A.
Jokai, Maurus.	Tolstoy, Count.
Kaven, E. Thomas.	Walker, Jessie A.
Kearney, Belle.	Winter, C. Gordon.

ADVERTISING AGENTS' DIRECTORY, THE.

Arranged alphabetically and in States, including Great Britain and Canada. Nothing of this kind has ever before appeared. All who for any reason wish to know who the advertising agents are and how they may be reached, will find the desired information here. The Directory is brought down strictly to date. Cloth. One Dollar.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

Characteristic Types from Colonial Times to the Present Day. A Text Book of Oratory. By Carlos Martyn.

AMERICAN MEN OF THE TIME.

Being a Dictionary of Biographical Records of Eminent Men of the Day. Revised to date and edited by Charles F. Rideal, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

AMERICAN WOMEN OF THE TIME.

Being a Dictionary of Biographical Records of Eminent Living Women. Revised to date and edited by Charles F. Rideal, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. It is the first time a book of reference of this kind has been compiled in the interests of any women in any country. The efforts of the publishers will be directed towards the end of securing a standard work, founded on reliable data, and which will be a suitable addition to any bookshelf.

CHARLES DICKENS' HEROINES AND WOMEN FOLK.

Some Thoughts Concerning Them. A Revised Lecture. By Charles F. Rideal, with drawings of "Dot" and "Edith Dombey," by Florence Pash. Third Edition. Cloth. Twenty-five Cents.

"A delightful little book,"—*Institute*.

CHARLES DICKENS READER AND RECITER, THE.

For the Home, School and Platform. Compiled with an introduction by Charles F. Rideal, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Formerly member of the Council of the Lecturers' Institute of Great Britain. Author of "Wellerisms," "Charles Dickens' Heroines and Women Folk," etc.

CHURCH WORKER'S BOOK.

One Thousand Plans. By as Many Successful Clergymen and Other Christian Workers. By Carlos Martyn.

CONTINENTAL CAVALIER, A.

By Kimball Scribner. Author of "The Honor of a Princess," (twenty-third thousand), "The Love of the Princess Alice," (fifteenth thousand), and "In the Land of the Loon." The author writes here in his well-known popular style and contributes one more (and not the least) to the eagerly awaited historic novels of Revolutionary times. His characters are resurrections and in them the past lives again. Mr. Kimball Scribner is rapidly becoming one of the most popular of the younger writers of to-day. With four illustrations on copper. Cloth, 12mo. One Dollar.

CURIOUS CASE OF GENERAL DELANEY SMYTHE, THE.

By W. H. Gardner, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A. (retired). Not in many years has a more interesting or mysterious story appeared than this. Those who follow the fortunes of General Delaney Smythe will certainly corroborate this statement. The book will have a wide and permanent sale. With four illustrations by Miss Lowenstein. Cloth. One Dollar.



THE SALESLADY. From "Some People We Meet"

CROSS OF HONOR, THE

A Military Dramalette in One Act. By Charles F. Rideal and C. Gordon Winter (Jean de Mezaillles). Very daintily printed and bound. One Dollar

DANGER SIGNALS FOR NEW CENTURY MANHOOD.

By Edward A. Tabor. Is a masterly discussion of the dangers that confront the individual as well as the society of to-day in the United States. It is also a beautiful portraiture of the young manhood which should exist in the 20th century. Including photograph and biographical sketch of the author. 12mo, cloth bound, 316 pages. One Dollar.

DEVOUT BLUEBEARD, A.

By Marie Graham. This is a keen, satirical story which hits off foibles and humbugs in religious administration; not in an infidel spirit, but by a friendly hand and from the inside; one is kept guessing who's who. Cloth 12mo. One Dollar.

DRY TOAST.

Some Thoughts upon Some Subjects not generally dealt with. By Charles F. Rideal.

Contents:—A Piece of the Crust; Brains and Black Butter; On the Mending of the Bellows; On Backbone, or rather the Want of It; Some Phases of Modern Honesty; On Giving Advice—and Taking It; Concerning "Hums"; On Flapdoodle—the Thick and the Thin; On Cranks; On Pouring Cold Water; On the Art of Making One-self Uncomfortable; On Always Doing Something; Some of the Advantages of Being Religious; On Playing One's Cards; On Living it Down; On Friendship; On Fame, etc. Cloth. One Dollar.

DIRECTORY OF MEDICAL WOMEN, THE.

Being a List of those Ladies who have Qualified in Medicine and Surgery, and who are Officially Registered as such, with Statistical and General Information of Universities, Colleges, Hospitals, etc.

FROM CLOUDS TO SUNSHINE;

or, The Evolution of a Soul, by E. Thomas Kaven. Author of "A Duel of Wits," etc. Cloth, 12mo, 200 pages. One Dollar.

GEMS OF JEWISH ORATORY.

A selection from the finest specimens of Jewish oratory; together with an introduction. By Madison C. Peters. Author of "Justice to the Jew," etc.

GEMS OF JEWISH PROSE.

A selection from the finest authors of Jewish prose; together with an introduction. By Madison C. Peters. Author of "Justice to the Jew."

GEMS OF JEWISH VERSE.

A selection from the finest authors of Jewish poetry; together with an introduction. By Madison C. Peters. Author of "Justice to the Jew," etc.

GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD, THE.

By Henry Drummond.

HAUNTS OF KIPLING.

Fully illustrated. A complete history and description of all the localities described by Rudyard Kipling in his works. By Margherita Arlina Hamm and Charles F. Rideal.

HOUSE OF A TRAITOR, THE.

By Prosper Mérimée.



George Cruikshank del.

1894

SAM WELLER. From "Wellerisms."

HOW AND WHAT TO WRITE.

A book for authors; with some practical hints on Journalism; together with a chapter on illustrating for the press. By Charles F. Rideal, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

HOW SUCCESS IS WON;

or, the Fight in Life. With Celebrated Illustrations. Drawn from Life by Carlos Martyn. In this book the author has produced a number of stirring illustrations written in a style and manner that command the attention of both the young and old. It is an essential book for everybody.

INTELLECTUAL PEOPLE.

By William Adolphus Clark. Since most readers belong to this class, all such will find their lineaments reflected in these pages "as in a looking-glass." Many surprises await those who gaze herein; whether of mortification or of gratification, we must read to see. Cloth, Fifty Cents. Japanese paper, Twenty-five Cents.

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF AUTHORS, THE.

With a full list of the titles of their works, dates of publication, etc. Compiled and edited by Charles F. Rideal.

LAST OF THE MUSKETEERS.

A Novel founded on the Romantic Career of General de Gallifet, French Minister of War. By Carlos Martyn.

LITERARY LIFE.

The most popular magazine for authors, publishers, booksellers and every one interested in literature, issued. It is a thoroughly impartial journal, readable from cover to cover, Five cents per copy or fifty cents per annum, mailed free.

LITTLE SCARECROW, THE.

By Maurus Jokai.

ON THE CHARLESTON.

By Irene Widdemer Hartt. The smell of the sea and the odors of the woods and fields of Guam are in these pages. The tale sways, like the ocean swell, between Jack Tar and the soldiers in the Yanko-Spanko War. Cloth, 12mo. One Dollar.

PAIR OF KNAVES AND A FEW TRUMPS, A.

By M. Douglas Flattery. The literary quality of this fascinating novel would alone call attention to it. When to this are added plots and counterplots, dramatic contests and dénouements, the book presents a combination of attractions quite unique and irresistible. Mr. Flattery's books are always readable and interesting. Cloth, 12mo, illustrated. One Dollar.

PEOPLE AND PROPERTY.

By Edwin B. Jennings. An animated, logical discussion of the question of corporate rights versus human rights. Lincoln said that "when a dollar comes in conflict with a man he sided with the man." This book is timely, able and interesting. Cloth, Fifty Cents. Japanese paper, Twenty-five Cents.

PEOPLE WE MEET.

By Charles F. Rideal. Fully illustrated by Harry Parkes. Third and Revised Edition. Twenty-five Cents.

"A collection of characteristic sketches drawn with much humor and crisply described."—*Scotsman*.

PICTURES FROM A NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSE.

Fully Illustrated. By Charles F. Rideal. One Dollar.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Characteristic Types, with Brief Prefatory Sketches of Illustrious Preachers. By Carlos Martyn.

POCKET ISLAND.

By Charles Clark Munn. A story of country life in New England. A remarkably attractive book written in a remarkably attractive manner. With frontispiece. Cloth, 12mo, 200 pages. One Dollar.

QUAKER SCOUT, A.

By N. P. Runyan. The contradictory title adopted by Mr. Runyan piques curiosity, which, upon investigation, will be abundantly rewarded. Incidents without number succeed one another in rapid and romantic succession, making the reader hold his breath and pant in sympathy with the recital. Cloth, \$1.25.

RIDEAL'S ELOCUTIONIST.

A Book of Readings and Recitations for the Home, School and Platform. Selected and arranged, together with a chapter on Reading and Speaking, by Charles F. Rideal, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and formerly a member of the Council of the Lecturers' Institute of Great Britain.

SERMONIC SILHOUETTES.

Three Hundred Outlines of Sermons by Three Hundred Distinguished Clergymen on Various Themes. With index. By Carlos Martyn.

SLAVEHOLDER'S DAUGHTER, A.

Full of Southern life and character, and readable from cover to cover. By Belle Kearney. With 11 full-page illustrations and frontispiece. Cloth, 12mo, 270 pages. One Dollar.

SOCIAL SINNERS.

A realistic novel of to-day. By Emile A. Palier. Portrays a number of Sinners and a few Saints in the modern social order. Certain passages hold the reader spellbound. There are several heroes and heroines, all true to life after their respective kind. Cloth, 12mo. One Dollar.

TEMPER CURE, THE.

By Stanley Edwards Johnson. In the guise of a novel, the author gives a fanciful account of a cure for bad temper. There are no dull pages in this book. Cloth, Fifty Cents. Japanese paper, Twenty-five Cents.

TEN YEARS IN COSSACK SLAVERY.

By Mary De. Mankowski. This is a graphic, thrilling description of the personal experiences of a patriotic Pole, condemned to Siberia for loving his country "not wisely but too well." The book explains the existing hatred of the Russian government and gives the reasons therefore. Cloth. \$1.25

VENGEANCE OF THE MOB, THE.

By Sam A. Hamilton. An exciting story of Florida, in which the characteristics and the effects of "Judge Lynch's" rule are exploited. A thrilling love story runs through the novel, with which the vengeance of the mob comes into collision. Cloth, 12mo. One Dollar.

WELLERISMS

from "Pickwick" and "Master Humphrey's Clock." Selected by Charles F. Rideal and edited with an introduction by Charles Kent, Author of "The Humor and Pathos of Charles Dickens." Fourth Edition. With a new and original drawing, by George Cruikshank, Jr., of Mr. Samuel Weller. Cloth. One Dollar.

This book has met with remarkable success. The original drawing of Sam Weller, by George Cruikshank, Jr. (a nephew of the original Cruikshank), is alone worth the money, for the reason that it shows a mastery of fine work and detail, in pen and ink not possessed by any other artist of the time. It is a unique and acceptable addition to Dickensiana and every lover and admirer of Charles Dickens should possess a copy.

WHEN AT HOME AND SOCIETY GUIDE.

Giving Days when "At Home" of the Upper Classes. Compiled and edited by Charles F. Rideal. To which is added a chapter on the Etiquette of Calls and Calling. By Lady Constance Howard. Each Season.

WIDOWS WE MEET.

Twelve of Them. Brief, pithy characterizations by Charles F. Rideal. Fully illustrated.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF TO-DAY.

Eighteen of Them. By Charles F. Rideal. Fully illustrated.

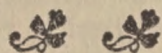
ZENITH MEMO-PAD, THE.

Designed by Lady Constance Howard and Mr. Charles F. Rideal. Containing Seven-day Tear-off Sheets and Cover, in convenient form either for laying flat on the desk, or suspending from rack, etc., a Complete Calendar for the Year, Postal Information, Chief Events, Lessons for Sundays, Quotations from well-known Authors, and Spaces for Memoranda, Appointments, etc. Indispensable for every one who writes, makes notes, etc. Twenty-five Cents.

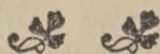
"This useful addition to the writing table is nicely got up."—*Princess*.

"Is very well arranged, with suitable quotations and memoranda for every day in the year. It may be kept on the table or suspended against the wall or bookshelf, whichever may be most convenient, and in either position it is handy, and takes up but a small amount of space."—*Queen*.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED



THE BOOKS PUBLISHED BY THE
Abbey Press ARE OFFERED FOR
SALE THROUGH ITS AGENTS IN
MEXICO, CANADA, GREAT BRIT-
AIN, CAPE TOWN, PARIS, BERLIN,
MELBOURNE, CALCUTTA, AND TO
THE CHIEF BOOK STORES AND
DISTRIBUTORS, AND CONTROLL-
ERS OF BOOKSTANDS, RAILWAY
AND HOTEL STANDS IN THE
UNITED STATES : : : :



FINE PRINTING AND DAINTY BINDING

AUG 4 1900

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:



PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
(412) 779-2111

NS



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021583534

